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THE NEW SOCIALISM.*

In one of the works which now lie before us, the writer asserts that, although the programme of socialism has failed to realize itself in that particular way which its apostles regarded as imminent some twenty years ago, yet none the less the adherents of socialism, as a creed, are to-day more numerous than they ever have been before. In a sense this assertion may very possibly be true; but if it is true at all, it is true for a certain reason which the writer himself did not take the trouble to emphasize, although even he was far from blind to its character. The reason we refer to is this. The growth of theoretical socialism, or sympathy with socialistic ideals, is far less due to the fact that socialism has been converting the world, than it is to the fact that the world has been modifying socialism. It is well known how the theology of the early Church was gradually modified by the delay of the second Advent; and the party that expected, about the middle of the nineteenth century, that the existing social order would be violently overthrown in a year or two, and an international society of artisans would inaugurate a social millennium, has, by the mere fact of the complete falsification of its hopes, been finally made to realize that there was some error in its original principles. The lever which was to move the world in a year or two, or perhaps in a moment, has continued for half a century to break or bend in its hands. Deferred hope, however, has done very much more for the socialists than merely teach them, by disappointment, the folly of needless impatience. It has given them time to think, and, not without searchings of spirit, to bring their original theories into closer accordance with realities.

* 1 "Life and Labor of the People in London." By Charles Booth. Final volume. London: Macmillan, 1902.

2 "History of Trade Unionism: Industrial Democracy" (two vols.); and "Problems of Modern Industry." By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. London: Longmans, 1894-1898.

3 "Aristocracy and Evolution." By W. H. Mallock. London: A. and C. Black, 1898.

4 "The Science of Civilization." By C. B. Phipson. London: Swan Sonnenschein, 1900.

5 "The Heart of the Empire." Essays by several writers. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1901.

6 "Democracy versus Socialism." By Max Hirsch. London: Macmillan, 1901.

7 "The Strength of the People." By Helen Bosanquet. London: Macmillan, 1902.

8 "Psychologie du Socialisme." By Gustave Le Bon. Paris, 1902.

9 "The Social Unrest." By John Graham Brooks. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1903.

And other works.

We propose to make a short general survey of the change which has, during the past quarter of a century, come over the workers and thinkers who call themselves, or are called, socialistic.

The reason, say the modern socialists, why their predecessors failed, was this. They failed to see how existing evils could be remedied, because they had failed to see, by any scientific analysis, in what precise conditions existing evils originated. The first socialistic thinker who addressed himself to this task, and gave to socialism, a true scientific basis, was, they say, Karl Marx. This writer is known to the world, and acquired his position in the ranks of the socialistic party, mainly through his treatise on capital, published about the middle of the nineteenth century. The part of this work which his admirers most eagerly welcomed, and which formed for many years their chief argumentative weapon, was the theory of surplus value.

Owing, said Marx, to a series of historical causes, the great mass of the population, first in our own country, and then throughout Europe and America, became dispossessed both of the means and materials of labor, without which they were unable to produce anything; and these were gradually concentrated in the hands of a small class. The people at last, in fact, became like a body of mill-hands, who must either be given employment in a particular mill or starve; and the possessing class, as a whole, became like the owner of such a mill, who, practically holding the keys of life and death, is able to impose on the hands almost any terms he pleases as the price of admission to his premises and to the privilege of using his machinery. And this price which the owner under these circumstances exacted—such was the contention of Marx—inevitably will come to this. The entire value of the goods produced in the mill being due to the labor-hours which the hands spend in producing them, the owner will claim and seize the whole of these goods and values except what is absolutely necessary to keep the hands alive. Capital, in other words, as the modern world knows it, is, according to Marx, merely another name for a monopoly, acquired by the few, of the instruments and materials of labor. Since its possession gives them the keys of the great national factory, and since the hands, who form the mass of their countrymen, can only enter it by their leave, it enables them to appropriate all that the hands produce, and to give them back only the bare means of subsistence. Thus all capital, all profits, and all interest on capital, are fundamentally neither more nor less than this—an abstraction from labor of commodities, or the exchange value of commodities, which are produced by manual labor and by manual labor alone.

Such, said Marx, when reduced to its simplest terms, is the essence, and ultimately the outcome, of the modern economic system. It had not, however, he continued, attained, at the time when he wrote, to its complete development, as above sketched by himself, even in England, the country in which it took its rise; but there and elsewhere the consummation was rapidly approaching; and it seemed to Marx, half a century ago, that the final stage would be reached in the course of a few years. What was actually taking place, he said, at that time was as follows. Throughout the western world generally, by the middle of the nineteenth century. most of the small producers, who worked with their own implements, had been swallowed up by a limited but an increasing number of capitalists, who had reduced the formerly in-

dependent laborers to bondage. A certain remnant, however, of the old class still survived, and together with them a considerable middle class also. But, he continued, in all capitalistic countries a new movement, inevitable from the first, had by this time set in, and its pace was daily accelerating. Just as the earlier capitalists had swallowed up the small producers, so were the greater capitalists now swallowing up the smaller. The poor, he said, are getting poorer; the rich are getting richer; the middle class is being crushed out; and the time, he said, was already in sight, in all capitalistic countries, when nothing would be left but a handful of millionaires on one side, and a whole nation of half-starved wage-earners on the other. And then, he concluded, in a prophecy which was for a long time the watchword of socialism, when that hour arrives the knell of capitalism has sounded. The nations, unable to endure the economic situation any longer, turn on this handful of men who have absorbed their whole possessions and forcibly resume their own. "The expropriators are in their turn expropriated."

It is difficult to imagine a work more adapted to form a gospel of revolution than this treatise of Karl Marx on capital. The severity of its style, its parade of scientific formulas, many of which were presented in the guise of algebraic equations, its elaborate statistics, and, we must add also, an element of original and partially sound reasoning, inspired the socialistic world with a confidence, previously wanting to them, that they had not only numbers and sentiment but science also on their side; whilst its principal argument, in spite of its seeming abstruseness, was reducible to a form so simple, so crude, and so startling that a mob could understand it in a moment, could sum it up in a shout, and repeat it in all its integrity in the workshop, or to their wives at home. This is the argument that ordinary manual labor, measured by time, is the sole producer of value; that "all wealth," as it was put, "is due to labor, and therefore to the laborer all wealth is due"; and that the wealth of all classes whatever, which do not consist of manual laborers, is robbery.

Of this work, for most of those who accepted it, the first hostile critic that made any impression was time. Marx's prophecies of the future, which were inseparable from his analysis of the present, persistently failed, as time went on, to fulfil themselves. Capitalists, instead of becoming fewer, continued to increase and multiply; and although the growth of trusts has, during the past few years, encouraged some to think that in this respect Marx was right after all, socialists themselves now see that this growth has so many limitations that it cannot constitute ultimately a fulfilment of the Marxian scripture; whilst his prophecy that the poor would get poorer, and the middle class be crushed out, has been contradicted by events in a manner so general and so absolute that, though the followers of Marx for years endeavored to ignore the fact, and though some of the more ignorant of them vociferate the old fallacy still, the more educated socialists of to-day, with greater or less candor, admit the error of Marx in this respect to be complete and glaring. A more careful study of his writings has, moreover, further discredited him by showing that even with regard to his own times his account of things was grossly inaccurate.

But the kind of discredit due to such causes as these, which graudally clouded the earlier reputation of Marx, was a vague discredit only, and would hardly have diminished his influence if it

had not prefaced a criticism, not of his history and his prophecies, but of his central theory of the nature of wealth and value, which he used his history to illustrate, and out of which his prophecies arose. The first fact as to this, which serious critics fixed upon, was the fact that it does not correspond with even the surface realities of things. The fundamental assumption with which he set out was wrong. Commodities do not, under existing conditions, exchange, as he said they did, in proportion to the labor embodied in them. The labor embodied in them is an element of their exchange value, but it is one element only. Let us take on the one hand a million cotton shirts, and take on the other a million pounds of tobacco; and assume that the two aggregates represent the same amount of labor. It by no means follows that the latter can be bartered for the whole of the former—that each pound of tobacco will exchange for a corresponding shirt. The desire of men for shirts is more general than their desire for tobacco; and if of the men who have made the million shirts only half of them desire tobacco at all, whilst all the tobacco-makers require the useful garment in question, the latter for each shirt must give two pounds of tobacco instead of one, or otherwise half their stock will be left unexchanged for anything, and will consequently possess no value whatever. Marx, in fact, had entirely failed to perceive that the exchange value of commodities is, and must always be, determined, not alone by the labor which is necessarily spent in producing them, but by the judgment with which labor, alike as to kind and quantity, is directed to the production of commodities which the public desire to possess.

Now this direction does not come by chance. It must necessarily emanate from some centre of human sagacity. Here at once we come to an element other than labor—an element, moreover, not measured by time—which is no less essential than labor to the production of exchange values. And from this element we are led on to a third, which, indeed, includes it, and exhibits it under a wider aspect. This is the quality of labor—or, as we may call it, industrial effort—in sharp contradistinction to its quantity measured by labor hours, or even to its intensity measured by expenditure of muscular tissue. The fact that industrial effort is not all of one quality was, indeed, dimly perceived by Marx and by his disciples themselves; and with one class of effort, separated by its quality from ordinary manual labor—though with one class alone—they certainly did deal, and flattered themselves that they had made short work of it. This class of effort was invention; and they dealt with it in two ways. In the first place, they contended that exceptional effort of this kind was really nothing more than average labor multiplied by the number of hours consumed in the inventor's intellectual training. But there was a second argument in which the Marxians laid much more stress than on this. They contended that invention, although it increased the production of commodities, only increased their numbers—or, as they called it, the values in use—but did not increase the aggregate of exchange values at all. Thus, if under conditions of production which prevail this year, a shirt and a pair of boots take the same time to make, their exchange values will be equal. One pair of boots will exchange for one shirt; or to express the matter in money, each will be worth ten shillings. And now, said the Marxians, let us suppose that a machine is invented that enables two pairs of boots to be produced as quickly as one was formerly. In this case, though there are two pairs of boots instead of one, the two will nevertheless be worth

only one shirt still. Each pair will be worth five shillings instead of ten. The machines will have added nothing to the exchange value of the bootmaker's total output. And if we keep ourselves to this single example, the argument of the Marxians is correct; but it is not really an example of what takes place. To make it so, we must suppose that invention increases production generally—that it increases the production of shirts just as it does that of boots, and that it increases in the same ratio the production of shillings also.

In this case one pair of boots will still buy one shirt, and each will, moreover, be worth ten shillings as formerly; but the change will be that there are more boots and shirts, and that each producer has a double amount of shillings. This simple truth the Marxians utterly failed to see. By an extraordinary mental blunder they confused the fact that invention does not increase the value of individual commodities or of coins, with the fact that it does multiply the number of commodities and the number of coins that purchase them; and it is precisely in this multiplication that the growth of wealth consists. In proportion as invention is applied to the multiplication of commodities generally, it increases values in exchange, as it does values in use. As the number of boots produced in a given time multiplies, they command in exchange a correspondingly increased number of other commodities which are multiplied in a similar way, and mean for those who own them a multiplied amount of money. Invention, therefore, which increases production does precisely what Marx said it did not do. It increases values without any definite relation to the amount of ordinary labor, measured by time, which is embodied in them. It multiplies ordinary labor by indefinitely varying numerals, with which ordinary labor, as such, has nothing at all to do.

This fact all the more thoughtful socialists during the past twenty years have been gradually coming to realize. They have come to realize also other facts equally vital. They have come to realize that invention is a comparatively rare faculty—that it is a natural monopoly confined to a comparatively small class; and they have come to realize further that it is not alone in this respect, but is merely one amongst a group of other exceptional powers, which play a similar part in increasing the production of wealth, and maintaining it. These are business energy, a genius for managing men, and for dealing with complicated detail, and quickness and perspicacity in discovering what commodities the public needs. All this is admitted by our educated socialists to-day, as fully as it was denied by their predecessors or themselves twenty years ago. In other words, they have learnt that the nature of productive process is a very much more complicated thing than Marx and his followers perceived; and that the crude doctrines which represented economic society as undifferentiated laborers who produced all wealth on the one hand, and a group of capitalists on the other who economically did nothing but appropriate it, is now discarded as bearing the same relation to fact as the doctrine which represented the universe as made out of fire and water.

The practical result of their acquisition of this sounder knowledge has been as follows. Seeing that the existing régime is so much more complicated than they thought it was, they have come to realize that it cannot be transformed by a sudden and violent revolution, as the followers of Marx had imagined, and that any successful change must be very cautious and gradual; and they have most of them come to admit that even in its most

successful developments the change can never be as complete as they once had ventured to hope. Theoretically it may be possible to socialize all the means of production, but it can never be possible to socialize the capacities of exceptional men; and, since it is now admitted that these, under any régime of socialism, would be as necessary to the productive process as they are at the present moment, the socialists of to-day perceive that the ideal socialistic state, whatever inequalities might be eliminated from it, would so far resemble society as it now is that it would be controlled by a hierarchy of men whose economic positions were exceptional, in point of importance and power, and most probably of income also.

In this way socialism is coming in England, just as it is said to be coming in Germany also, to be practically indistinguishable from some peculiar species of radicalism. We say, as the reader will observe, that it is coming to be this practically, or, in other words, as regards its immediate policy; but in respect of its theory, or its conception of the ultimate condition of things, towards which, by its policy, it hopes to direct society, it continues to differ from radicalism in a very specific way. Whilst the ideal of radicalism is to protect individual enterprise, except where it can be shown to be definitely injurious to the community, the socialistic ideal is, with the same limitation, to extinguish it. The value or significance of this theoretical difference of opinion we will discuss presently; but first, with the aid of certain of the volumes before us, we will illustrate and justify the account which we have just given of the gradual change of character exhibited by the socialistic movement.

So far as socialism itself is concerned, the most interesting of these volumes are "The Social Unrest," by an American writer, Mr. Brooks; and "Problems of Modern Industry," by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb. Of English socialistic writers, we may say without hesitation that Mr. Sidney Webb—to combine both authors under one name—is by far the most distinguished. He has many of the qualities of an acute and practical reasoner. He realizes, as he says in his preface to his book on "Industrial Democracy," that socialism, like all other sciences, "can advance only by a precise observation of actual facts"; and in this volume, and also in his "History of Trade Unionism," he has shown both the industry and the aptitude proper to a conscientious historian. He is, moreover, in his capacity of speculative economist, fully alive to the extreme complexity of the problems with which socialism has to deal; nor can any one speak with a fuller knowledge than he of the trend of socialistic thought and the moral of socialistic experience. In his "Problems of Modern Industry," Mr. Webb writes:—

Modern socialism is not a faith in an artificial Utopia, but a rapidly spreading conviction, as yet only partly conscious of itself, that social health, and consequently human happiness, is something apart from and above the separate interests of individuals, requiring to be consciously pursued as an end in itself; that the lesson of evolution in social development is the substitution of consciously regulated co-ordination among the units of each organism for their internecine competition; that the production and distribution of wealth, like any other public function, cannot safely be entrusted to the unfettered freedom of individuals, but needs to be organized and controlled for the benefit of the whole community; that this can imperfectly be done by means of legislative restriction and taxation, but is eventually more advantageously accomplished through the collective enterprise of the appropriate adminis-

trative unit in each case; and that the best government is accordingly that which can safely and successfully administer most (p. 232).

Socialism, in short, as he elsewhere repeats emphatically, is not an attempt to produce in a few years "a new social order from which all contemporary evils are eliminated," such as that described by Bellamy—whose book, "Looking Backward," he very properly ridicules—but is "a principle of social organization," which socialists desire to realize to the utmost extent possible, but which may never be capable of being realized more than partially, and to which we can only approximate by the slow and prosaic process of modifying existing arrangements as they show themselves severally in succession to be ripe for the desired modification. At present, according to Mr. Webb, the most important modifications which the adherents of the socialistic principle can profitably endeavor to secure are certain modifications of taxation, increased supervision of factories, the extension of municipal enterprise, the advancement of popular education, and —most important of all—the extension of trade-unionism to the class of "sweated" workers, and the industrial residuum generally, the amelioration of whose condition is, in Mr. Webb's opinion, of all social problems at the present time the most urgent.

Let us next turn to the work of Mr. J. Graham Brooks. Mr. Brooks forbears to call himself a socialist, but for this reason only, that although, like Mr. Webb, he believes in the socialistic principle, he believes that it can never be capable of more than a partial application. It enlists his sympathies, however, as warmly as it enlists Mr. Webb's; and, since Mr. Webb likewise holds the opinion that the application of the socialistic principle can probably never be complete, the two writers practically belong to the same school. Mr. Brooks's volume, like Mr. Webb's, contains a survey of socialism as it exists at the present day—a survey in which it is contrasted with the socialism of former times. The field of Mr. Brooks's observation is more extensive than Mr. Webb's, for he deals not only with America, but also with Great Britain, with New Zealand, with France, Germany, and Belgium. In all these he has watched the socialistic leaven at work; and with regard to all he confirms our own account of the situation, which has just now been illustrated by our quotation from Mr. Webb. The old Marxian idea that ordinary manual labor was the sole source of wealth, that the present system was merely a system of monopoly, and that all the possessions of those who were not manual laborers were crude abstractions from an aggregate which manual labor had produced, has everywhere, he says, given way to a more accurate conception of facts.

Socialists now perceive that industrial effort is not all of one quality, and that workers, man for man, are not equally productive. In other words, they understand that the "organizer, the director, the inventor," may in many cases *produce* an amount of wealth out of all proportion to that produced by the average laborer, and the old idea that all large incomes are robbery is now confined generally to incomes of a special kind, namely, those which result from the passive ownership of capital. Moreover, says Mr. Brooks, even the notion, once so prevalent, that great enterprises would, according to the prediction of Marx, swallow up all the small ones and reduce the mass of the population to slavery on starvation wages, has now throughout America been finally discredited by events. During the last few decades wages have continued to rise, and the most, with regard to their

amount, that objectors can now say is, that they have not risen proportionately to the incomes of the rich; whilst as to small enterprises, the most memorable fact is this—their continuous multiplication, and "the tenacity with which they retain their hold," thus "making it clear that an enormous part of profit-making service is here to stay for such an indefinite future that all opinion about their duration has as much value as the most fanciful guessing about the unknown." And he elsewhere gives a very interesting account of the consternation produced in the hearts of certain German socialists when, by means of undoubted statistics, they first learnt that precisely similar phenomena—phenomena completely stultifying the economic predictions of Marx—were exhibited by Germany likewise. Everywhere else, he says, the same change is discerned. The ideas and the policy of socialists are being met and modified by an experience which has shattered the formal doctrines on which they originally rested. "The socialist with a formula," says Mr. Brooks, "will neither get nor deserve very serious attention in the future." Instead of making war on the existing constitution of society, the new socialism seeks to modify it by an "appropriate yielding" to circumstances.

The examples which Mr. Brooks gives us of the practical application of its principles which the new socialism has accomplished fall under three heads—municipal or state enterprise, municipal care of the poor, and co-operative enterprise organized with a consciously socialistic intention. The first, he says, is exemplified most completely in New Zealand.

> Here the State invades one by one the fields where private enterprise has been supreme. Not only are railroad, telegraph, and street-car under community ownership, but also a very different order of undertakings, state banking, life insurance, loan funds for farmers, worked through the agency of the post-office . . . sugar-mills, cold-storage, irrigation, exportation of products.

All this however, though it naturally, in proportion to its success, narrows the field open to the enterprise of the private capitalist, attacks him only by the simple process of competing with him. It leaves him otherwise in the position which he previously occupied.

Of the second form of applied socialism, namely, the municipal care of the poor, Mr. Brooks finds the most advanced example in France. In France, he says, as everywhere else, socialism has at last learned "that co-operation with other social agencies is a necessity"; but the municipal care of the poor, though it does not comprise the whole, forms by far the most important part of what French socialism has thus far undertaken. It amounts to an "attempt," he says, "to cast out the whole charity tradition," and supplant it by giving the necessitous such help as they require, not as a gift, but as the discharge of a state liability. In one town the socialists boast that they are spending on poor relief three times, in another town ten times, as much as was formerly spent by the *bourgeoisie*. They have supplied the poor with free medical attendance, raised the pensions of "socialist soldiers," delivered free bread at the doors of the needy, paid the car fares of certain city officials; but, says Mr. Brooks, they have for the most part done their work so clumsily that it amounts to nothing more "than a loose and promiscuous form of out-door relief"; and in many localities the community has risen against the socialists and dislodged them. As to municipal trading, France gives us certain examples of it. Here is a municipal drug store, there a

municipal bakery; and there is in Grenoble a large municipal restaurant, though in all such respects as these France is far behind England and Germany. Socialistic Germany to-day, says Mr. Brooks, presents an extraordinary contrast to socialistic Germany as he knew it some ten or twelve years ago. Socialists, who then would have nothing at all to do with any economic arrangements conducted on existing lines, fraternize to-day with individualists in schemes of municipal enterprise, and realize a fraction of their programme by provisionally abandoning the rest.

But if we want to see socialism realized in the fullest degree to which it has thus far succeeded in attaining in any country, we must, says Mr. Brooks, turn to Belgium, where we find flourishing businesses being run by independent socialists on professedly socialistic principles. The first of these businesses was founded more than twenty years ago. It consists of a bakery at Ghent. Its founder was a workman of strong and practical character. He manages it still, and it still continues to flourish. It sells bread to a body of six thousand socialists, who appear to be affiliated to it by some species of membership; and a part of the profits has been given back to the members in the shape of a large clubhouse, which is called "The House of the People." Brussels has followed Ghent in the establishment of similar bakeries. The prices charged for bread are those which prevail elsewhere; but the portion of the price which would elsewhere represent profit and the various remunerations of middlemen, is here credited to the purchasers, who are, as in the case at Ghent, affiliated to the store by membership. The members include the heads of eighteen thousand families. Of the amount credited to the purchasers, about four-fifths were returned to them, and the rest was applied to extinguish the debt on a clubhouse, with which, as in Ghent, the profits of the bakeries had provided them, and also to expenses connected with the propaganda of the party. Besides these bakeries there has also sprung up in Belgium a multitude of analogous enterprises, which, according to Mr. Brooks, are by this time nearly fourteen hundred in number, and include credit associations, drug stores, grocery stores, boot factories, agricultural businesses, and a brewery.

To these examples—the best that Mr. Brooks can adduce—of the new socialism in practice we shall recur later; but, before quitting them for the moment, the following observations must be made. In the first place, some of them are not co-operative at all in any sense that connects them with the socialist scheme, but are communities of ordinary producers, established in order to facilitate the sale of their products; and in the second place, as Mr. Brooks tells us, most of them are distributive businesses, and comparatively few productive. Their main function is to provide for the poorer classes the necessaries of life without the intervention of middlemen. But the principal point to be noticed here concerning them is, that these enterprises—the most successful approximations to applied socialism yet made—have been put into operation in accordance with the conditions of existing society, and in a large number of ways, as we shall see more fully hereafter, have adopted its most distinctive methods.

Having seen how socialism is adapting itself to existing conditions, we may next examine another process, which is the correlative of this, and see how existing society is adapting itself to the methods of socialism. On the one hand, socialism has gradually grown more reasonable; it has learnt that the economic conditions which generally

prevail to-day are not due to the invention or the wickedness of any particular class, but result from causes whose roots are deep in the soil of history; that consequently their change must be no less gradual than their rise; and that while some of them are being superseded or modified, most of them for the time must be acquiesced in. On the other hand, there has arisen in all capitalistic countries a body of men who, while sympathizing with socialistic philanthropy, were formerly alienated by its programme, but who now, so far as immediate action is concerned, are able to meet it on a common ground of agreement.

Prominent among such men, and seemingly nearest to socialism, are those reformers, still a numerous class, who maintain that the remedy for all social evils is to be found in the socialization of the soil, and whatever may be valuable under it, all other property rights being guarded with the utmost jealousy. Such thinkers, like Mr. George, are, except with regard to this one question of the land, generally sober Liberals of the old economic school, and regard any tampering with capital, profits, and competition as tantamount to social suicide.

We have before us two recent volumes in which this principle is advocated afresh, the one being "Democracy *versus* Socialism," by Mr. Max Hirsch, the other "The Science of Civilization," by Mr. Cecil Balfour Phipson. Of neither of them is it necessary to say much. Mr. Hirsch, who is an Australian, practically does little more than repeat Mr. George in a style which is incomparably saner than Mr. George's, and at the same time less forcible; whilst Mr. Phipson transforms the scheme for actually nationalizing the land into a scheme for a nationalized right, inhering in every citizen who desires to cultivate land, to rent on lease what he requires from any private owner, the rent representing the value of the land at the moment of taking it, whilst any future increment shall become the property of the tenant. Then, again, there are still a number of enthusiasts whose scheme for social salvation consists in the division of the land amongst a number of small freeholders, and whose creed is summarized in their motto, "the land for the people." None of these sections, and least of all the last, represents any real approximation to the temper, the theory, or even the practical policy of socialism. In the theory that land should be nationalized, socialists recognize a partial truth; but, taken by itself, they maintain that, instead of advancing socialism, it would merely widen the basis of the present competitive system; whilst as for the establishment of innumerable small land-owners, this would mean merely a widening of the basis of private property.

The class of social reformers who, without being socialists, are nevertheless for the time in practically sympathetic alliance with them, we shall find in a body of thinkers, writers, and workers who have no such notions as those we have just described, and are not, indeed, the apostles of any distinctive formula. They are merely men and women who perceive and feel, as keenly as any socialist, the extent and depth of the suffering which progress leaves untouched, and which, as populations increase, though it may relatively become less, becomes absolutely greater, and is, moreover, so massed together in our great modern towns that it appeals now, as it never did before, to the sympathies of the philanthropist, and also to the apprehensions of the statesman.

This class of reformers, in spite of very serious differences, are at one with the socialists in respect of the main items of the immediate socialistic pro-

gramme. Without questioning the right of the rich to their riches, they nevertheless feel, though they may not deliberately state it, that riches deserve some penalty in order to atone for their existence; and that, not only on political, but also on moral grounds, the rich should be made to bear as much of the burden of taxation as, with any show of justice, it is possible to put on their shoulders. Again, without denouncing the great employers as a class, they desire that the condition of the employed, to the utmost extent possible, should be regulated by the State in the interest of those employed. They are generally favorable also to the development of municipal enterprise, though without any desire, without any hope or fear, that it ever may occupy the entire field of production. Further, they are at one with the socialists with regard to the question of education. Their ideal is a system under which the boy who begins with the board-school may, with the requisite aptitudes, end as a university graduate; and, finally, they are at one with the socialists with regard to the most immediate need of protecting and raising, partly by means of trade-unions, partly by improved dwellings, the condition of the lowest and most helpless stratum of workers. Amongst reformers of this class there no doubt are, as we have said, a number of minor, though by no means unimportant differences. Some of them are wild in their enthusiasm, some are eminently sober; but whilst all of them aim at social, as distinguished from socialistic reform, their sympathies are those which animate the best among the socialists, and in respect of their immediate programme the two parties work together.

It does not fall within the scope of the present article to deal at length with the labors of Mr. Charles Booth, whose enquiries into the condition of the London poor are unique in the annals of economics and social investigation; but the general conclusions summarized in his latest volume deserve to be mentioned here. Mr. Booth refrains from putting forward any general programme or doctrine of reform on his own account. He sees that the problems which demand solution are far too various and complex to admit of being solved by any formula, socialistic or other. He has, however, arrived at two conclusions, at all events, which may be profitaby alluded to in connection with the subject treated in this paper. One of these is that improved social conditions must be reached, not through the conflict, but through the co-operation of classes—through a constant and nice readjustment of things as they are, not through any fantastic attempt to create a new world. The other conclusion is that, through this process of readjustment, the worst of the economic evils incident to modern life are, on the whole, being steadily, even if slowly, lessened. This last volume of Mr. Booth's is one of singular interest, and forms a most valuable key to the whole of his monumental work—a work which, while it justifies many of the darkest touches that socialists are accustomed to introduce into their picture of society, shows that the picture, as a whole, is merely a crude caricature possessing, except in a few features, no resemblance to the original, and worthless for any serious purpose.

We have before us two interesting volumes in which the trend, the aim, and the sympathies of this class of reformers are represented, namely, "The Heart of the Empire," consisting of essays by various writers, and "The Strength of the People," by Mrs. Bosanquet. The writers of the former are men of scholarly culture, some of whom have studied the evils they desire to remedy as residents in university set-

tlements; and, though we think that in dealing with the urban poor they occasionally give their pictures too dark a coloring by imputing their own standards of happiness to others who do not possess them, they have every desire to be just, and, in a general way, they are so. The specific evils from which the very poor suffer are, they say, firstly, their poverty, which arises from various causes, such as an actual inferiority in the members of the residuum themselves, the reckless manner in which they aim at underselling one another in the labor market, and the absence of any trade organization; secondly, the insufficiency of the manner in which they are housed, the squalor, the over-crowding, and the high rents which competition produces; thirdly, the prevalence of intemperance, which at once consumes money and destroys the capacity for earning it; and lastly, the bad effects on moral and physical health of a constant confinement of life to an unlovely and over-populated neighborhood.

The essays deal with these various evils in detail, and describe the means and agencies which are actually being applied, or may be applicable, to the purpose of reducing or lessening them. So far as the character of the people themselves is concerned, the writers hold that the various religious bodies, Roman, Nonconformist, and Anglican, are, potentially at all events, the most efficacious forces existing for raising the submerged masses from their prevalent degradation or apathy. It would be foreign to our purpose to discuss this question here. Indeed, so far as these writers rely on any definite religious agency, they probably differ completely from the great majority of the socialists. But, inasmuch as they would associate religion with an education in social duties, and use religion as an aid to social reform, they are practically at one with the socialists in their more immediate purposes; whilst, with regard to the housing question, to temperance reforms, and an amelioration of life in the poorer quarters generally, their method of approaching these questions hardly differs from that which is for the moment adopted by the modified socialism of to-day.

Of Mrs. Bosanquet's "Strength of the People" much the same may be said, except for the fact that her faith in individualism as the basis of society makes the ultimate theoretical difference between socialists and other reformers somewhat clearer than does the volume we have just been discussing. So far, however, as the problems of the moment are concerned, the social evils on which she fixes her attention, and even the methods which she suggests for their reform, place her on a platform along with writers like Mr. and Mrs. Webb, from whom, except perhaps with regard to questions of arguable detail, she is hardly to be distinguished.

This practical *rapprochement* between socialists and other reformers might no doubt have been illustrated in a more sensational way by quotations from numerous volumes by more emotional and less weighty writers. But those we have just dealt with offer far more valuable evidence. Their authors, though as ardent for reform as the maddest or most ignorant enthusiast, meet the socialists of to-day not in any cloudland of pities, indignations, and hopes, but on the sober and solid ground of reason and practical sympathy. Socialism, in a word, has become more reasonable, and economic conservatism has become wider; and this change has, indeed, become so marked that the optimists of conservatism might well be tempted to argue that socialism, whatever its importance, has been almost completely absorbed in that broader stream of liberalism which, whether Tory or Whig political-

ly, has its basis in economic conservatism. This is, however, far from being the case; and, in order to see why, we must return to an aspect of the question to which we have already referred, and deal with the underlying differences in economic aspiration and theory by which socialists are still divided from those who are provisionally their allies. Mr. Webb, as we have seen, is very earnest in insisting that socialism represents a principle, an economic counsel of perfection, not any cut and dried programme by means of which this principle may be realized. If, however, we attentively consider this principle as it emerges from that process of destructive criticism which the new socialists have applied to the crude theorizing of their predecessors, we shall find that, though they have discarded many of the doctrines of Marx, though they perceive that capital is very much more than the products of labor monopolized, that ordinary labor is by no means the only productive factor, and that in his estimate of the existing situation Marx was wholly mistaken, they still cling as firmly as did Marx himself to one Marxian doctrine, though they justify it on altered grounds. This doctrine is that the economic condition to be aimed at, the economic condition which will produce the maximum of general welfare, is a condition of things under which all the means of production, land included, will be owned by the centralized State, though probably, for administrative purposes, the powers and rights of the State will be exercised by local bodies.

Now what is the precise meaning of this general doctrine? It is one which, by a careless enquirer, is very likely to be misunderstood, and it is, according to Mr. Sidney Webb, still misunderstood largely by many of the socialists themselves. We have seen that the socialists as a body altogether reject Mr. George's scheme for nationalization of the land, though an ultimate nationalization of the land is included in their own programme. Their own programme can be explained by their reasons for this rejection. In the first place they realize as fully as the most inveterate conservative that Mr. George indefinitely overestimated the proportion which the rent of the land bears to the total income of any progressive country; but they realize something also that is more important still. They realize that, even if the difficulties—of which Mr. George had no conception—incident to the transfer of the land from the existing owners to the State were got over, the result of Mr. George's programme would be merely to populate the country with a vast body of land-holders, who would differ from landlords only in the fact that, instead of enjoying the freehold, they would feu their properties from the State, paying for them a certain quit-rent, much in the same fashion that is prevalent in Scotland now. Each of the new holders would still be a competing individualist; and his individualism, instead of being diminished, might very probably be intensified. In fact, the socialists hold that the realization of Mr. George's programme would be just as inimical to socialism as the multiplication of peasant proprietors. The socialist theory is, so far as the land is concerned, that not only should no private landlord receive rent for its use, but that not even those who cultivate it should have any special interest in any of the special areas to which severally their labor is applied. Every agricultural worker would be the salaried farm-laborer of the State, or the local corporate body which represented the State in his district; and, excepting for local associations, it would be a matter to him of total indifference whether the fields which he tilled were situated in Corn-

wall or Caithness. The State would pool the whole agricultural wage-fund, and would pay the ploughman or the reaper, to use an illustration of Mr. Webb's, just as a railway company actually pays its engine-drivers. A minimum of efficiency being assumed, all ploughmen would have equal wages, estimated according to their needs, and not according to the amount of produce actually extracted by them from the varying soils they work upon, just as the engine-driver receives the same wages from the company whether the train which his engine pulls be full or empty.

As in theory the socialists would deal with the land, so would they deal in theory with all the means of production —with raw materials, machinery, and all the means of transport. Every steam-engine, every railway, every vessel, with the exception of pleasure-boats, would be as much the property of the State as the Post-office is now. Houses, clothes, furniture, implements of private amusement, or stores of consumable goods would be private property still; but what would not be private property would be any implement, or indeed any possession, by means of which anybody could produce goods for sale, or for the use or enjoyment of which he would be able to extract payment. Thus, to take an example adduced by a recent socialist, a man would be allowed to possess a very beautiful picture, but he would not be allowed to make an income by charging for permission to look at it. In a word, private life and enjoyment, private incomes or wages, would be private and individual, just as they are now; but all work would be done in the workshops of the state company, and all goods would be bought at the state company's shops.

Next comes the question of how the business of this company would be managed. It would be managed exactly as business is managed now, except that the proceeds would be taken by a single board of directors, who would, like a railway company, pay the nation its wages; the only difference being this, that the portion which is now called profits would be included in the wage-fund, and distributed as a kind of bonus. How far the wages thus distributed would be equal is another question altogether, and it is one as to which modern socialists commit themselves to no definite statement. An absolute equality, however, such as was once dreamed of, forms no part of their programme, and is, indeed, inconsistent with their theories; for the modern socialists profess to recognize, as clearly as their opponents, that the capacities necessary for success in production would be as various in degree, no less than in kind, as they are under the existing régime. Business capacity, energy, the genius for managing men, genius of all kinds—artistic, scientific, and inventive—all these would be required by the socialistic State, and would not only be universally greater in point of economic efficiency, man for man, than the work of the average laborer, but would for their development require exceptional circumstances. Under socialism then, no less than at present, wages or salaries would be apportioned in a certain graduated scale. But there is another point to be noticed still more important than this. The success of the socialistic scheme would, as Mr. Webb admits, depend on the exceptional men being elevated to their appropriate places—on the management of the national businesses being entrusted to the most competent. In other words, the employés of the state company—that is to say, the great mass of the nation—would be under the autocratic direction of a hierarchy of state officials; and these, so far as industrial control was concerned, would occupy a posi-

tion essentially the same as that which is occupied by private capitalists, with their allies and subordinates, to-day.

What, then, is the value of this ideal, considered firstly, as representing a state of society in which the root of the evils which exist at present has disappeared; and secondly, as a state of society to which it is possible so far to approximate that its distinctive principle shall be predominant, even if not absolutely supreme? With regard to the first of these points, we are assured both by Mr. Brooks and by Mr. Webb that what the mass of discontented workers most desire to-day is equality of opportunity; and that what they most resent, under the system of private capitalism, is not primarily the fact that their labor is underpaid—for in many cases, at all events, their wages are admittedly high—but the fact that their work is done under the control of others; and they imagine that socialism would render their opportunities equal, and at the same time liberate them from their obedience to economic superiors. Now, are these ideas true? With regard to equality of opportunity, there is something to be said in favor of them. But if equality of opportunity under socialism mean anything, it means something which to the majority would be of very little comfort. It might possibly supply the oligarchy of socialistic administrators with able men whose ability would have been otherwise dormant; but, regarded under its present aspect, its primary effect would be as follows. The capacities and the energies of men being, as they are, unequal, equality of opportunity at starting inevitably means this—a license to the exceptional few to outdistance the average many; whilst if, so far as external rewards are concerned, the gifted and energetic man who makes his opportunities fructify receives little more than the man who is unwilling or unable to do so, equality of opportunity means nothing for the idle and weak, and loses most of the meaning that it ever had for the strong; whilst finally, in so far as it was really a stimulus to the economic life of the community, it would reintroduce the entire process of competition, and that in a form which would be at once diffused and intensified.

In the next place, would socialism form a remedy for the evil of economic subjection, of obedience to the orders of others, against which, more than against anything else, the present generation of workmen (so we are told) rebels? Instead of removing that evil, or, indeed, of in any way lessening it, socialism, were it ever the primary force in the state, would accentuate it, and make it universal, and aggravate it with circumstances which at present are undreamed of. How does a sorter of letters in the General Post-office differ in point of freedom to manage his own work from a clerk in a private office who sorts the letters when they are delivered? If one is freer than the other, it is the clerk in private employment. How does an engine-driver on a state railway in Germany differ from an engine-driver on our railways in England? As Mr. Webb tells us in so many words, an engine-driver under socialism would have no more freedom to order his day and to manage his work as he liked than he has at this moment under the London and South-Western Company. The only real difference which socialism would introduce would be this—that if the workman disliked his employer, he would be unable to seek for another; and if he wished to change his employment or migrate to a new locality, he would, from the nature of the case, be wholly unable to do so, unless the State, the universal employer, permitted him. In fact socialism, as an ideal condition, however beauti-

ful from a distance, resolves itself, like Constantinople on closer inspection, into a home of squalor and misery.

But a question yet more important still remains to be considered—the question, not whether such a condition of things is wholly desirable or no, but whether it is a condition which is capable of being approximately realized. If all production were really, as Karl Marx thought, due to the exertion of ordinary manual labor, a State like that of the socialists might, no doubt, conceivably exist. It would be a nation of slaves working under the lash of elected taskmasters, just as Italy is a nation bled by the exactions of elected tax-collectors. But the possibility of such a State would depend, in this case, on the fact that the amount of ordinary labor of which the average man is capable can be accurately gauged by others, and that the man can be compelled to perform it. Since, however, as is admitted by the socialists themselves to-day, ordinary labor is, in the modern world, only one of the factors to which production is due, and must be supplemented by the exercise of faculties which, in various degrees, are exceptional, and since, moreover, these exceptional faculties are faculties which no one can detect and whose use no one can command, unless the individual possessing them desires to develop and show them, they can never in the long run be at the service of any State unless social conditions are such that the possessors of these faculties are stimulated, by the rewards that society makes attainable, to develop these faculties spontaneously, and are given the means of exercising them. Now modern socialists are very careful to tell us that amongst the exceptional faculties which the socialistic State will require are those of the business manager, the inventor, the scientist, the speculative thinker, and even the artist and the literary genius. It is, no doubt, conceivable that the state company under socialism might, assuming the requisite stimulus to be given, secure and find a place for a number of expert business managers. They might also, with a similar proviso, find a place for the sculptor and the painter; but how could the State secure for itself works of literary art? The State would be the sole publisher; the publisher's readers would be state officials. The State would exercise over all books a censorship incalculably stricter than that of the Russian Government; and if it rejected a great poem or novel the work would be crushed out of existence. There would be no court of appeal.

But, what is still more important, opinion, speculation, discovery, would be similarly at the mercy of the State. The State would own every newspaper. None could be printed under the direction or on the initiation of individuals. No view could be uttered which the State desired to suppress. With regard to speculation and discovery, the case would be just the same. Socialism would have gagged Galileo far more effectually than Rome did. It would have strangled the higher criticism and the doctrines of Darwin in their cradles. It is, moreover, a fact that much of the scientific knowledge which socialists count upon utilizing in the ordinary work of the world is based upon studies and speculations which for centuries had a speculative interest only, and which any state hierarchy, representing public opinion, would have scornfully rejected as useless, if it did not crush them as false.

And finally, the same thing may be said with regard to inventions. There has rarely been an invention, there has rarely been an improvement in industry, which a State representing prevalent public opinion would not have killed, either by its apathy, its ignorance, or its opposition. Mr. Mallock,

in a work to which we shall refer presently, has shown how this would have been the case, for example, with regard to the production of iron; and, had Europe been socialistic four hundred years ago, Columbus would never have discovered America.

We come last to the great question, yet more fundamental than those we have been just considering—whether, under the régime of socialism, any inducement could be offered to persons of exceptional capability to develop their capabilities even if they were allowed to exercise them. If it would not, the distinctive ideal of socialism, whatever its other characteristics, is nothing more than a dream. It stands for a scheme which, in its integrity, would fail to work. The question is one with which Mr. Mallock, in his works, "Aristocracy and Evolution," and "Social Equality," has dealt at considerable length, insisting, with reiterated emphasis, on its fundamental importance. He rightly maintains that all economic analysis resolves itself ultimately into a study of human nature, as associated with the various types of human talent and temperament; and the general result of his argument is that, as a matter of hard fact, exceptional talent is, with certain exceptions, elicited only by the prospect of exceptional reward. To purely speculative thought, to abstract scientific discovery, and also to artistic production under some, though not all, of its forms, this doctrine, he admits, is only partially applicable; but in the case of all exceptional application of capacity to the practical affairs of life, and more especially to the productive and constructive processes which affect and improve and sustain the material conditions of life, he contends that exceptional energy, initiative, resource, and ingenuity, are indissolubly associated, as a rule, with types of character and temperament which demand that exceptional effort shall meet with a corresponding reward.

Socialists have studied this question in the most cursory way only ; and Mr. Mallock holds up to ridicule the argument of the Fabian essayists, that the motives which stimulate men in battle may be counted on to operate in the daily work of the factory. The socialists, indeed, in dealing with this all-important question, err for several reasons. One is that, seeing its difficulty, they habitually tend to ignore it; another is that the peculiar kind of temperament which, amongst educated men, goes with socialistic opinions, unfits them to understand the nature of the hard practical man to whose power and energy alone industrial progress is due, and a third is the fact that, in addition to their disqualifying temperament, socialists are very rarely what we call men of the world. They may know a great deal about the wrongs and miseries of the weak, but they have a very imperfect acquaintance with the constitutional ambitions of the strong. Instead of discovering what the strong do or are likely to do, they resort to abstract speculation with regard to what the strong ought to do.

Thus Mr. Webb, in spite of his acuteness and common-sense, seeks to escape from the difficulty of this question of equality of reward by declaring that "equality of reward" is all that the exceptional man is entitled to,

> because the special abilities or energy with which some persons are born is an unearned increment due to the effect of the struggle for existence upon their ancestors, and consequently, having been produced by society, is as much due to society as the unearned increment of rent.

Mr. Mallock, in "Aristocracy and Evolution," has selected this passage as typical of most of the distinctive reasoning of the socialists, and, sub-

mitting it to a close analysis, shows that, whilst in a purely speculative sense it embodies a certain truth, it is, nevertheless, when applied to practical matters, nonsense. If Mr. Webb's argument, says Mr. Mallock, has any practical application,

> the French might have said to the Germans in the Franco-German war, "You acquired by fighting with us the faculties which have enabled you to conquer us. Your strength, therefore, in reality belongs to us, not to you; and hence justice requires that you should give us back Alsace." In the same way it might be urged that all the idle apprentices of the past have, by the warning they afforded, stimulated the industry of the industrious, and therefore, in abstract justice, had a claim on their earnings. . . . If the great man who produces an exceptional amount of wealth can with justice claim no more than the average man who produces little, the man who is so idle that he shirks producing anything may with equal justice claim as much wealth as either. His constitutional faults and his constitutional disinclination to mend it are both due to society, and society, not he, must suffer.

The truth is, as Mr. Mallock elsewhere points out, that abstract speculations as to what is socially just have no meaning whatever till we have first settled what is socially workable. However strongly ascetics may condemn sexual love, they must accept the fact that humanity could not exist without it. We have a book before us—"Social Justice," by Professor Willoughby—which consists of an elaborate discussion of how to reconcile private property, inequalities of positions, competition, coercion, and the punishment of criminals, with some abstract system of ethics deduced from the metaphysics of Hegel. The first question really which practical men have to ask is, not whether the punishment of criminals, competition, and private property, are consistent or not consistent with any *a priori* ideas of justice, but whether human society can exist or progress without them. If it is right that society and civilization should exist at all, we must assume the justice of whatever is essential to their existence, and try to harmonize this with our abstract ideals afterwards. The question, therefore, for socialists is not whether equality of rewards has any justification in the abstract, but whether, or to what extent, we can make it a practical fact, without doing to society more harm than good; whether, by saving our coal, we may not stifle the generation of our steam.

Now in so far as socialism would make any change in the distribution of wealth, and in the graduation of classes, which would render society substantially different from what it is and always has been hitherto, it would do this in one way, and in one way only, namely, by lessening or constantly diminishing the relations between personal power and efficiency, and the advantages which those who possess them would be able to gain by their exercise. Mr. Webb, in the volume before us, frankly admits that this is so. It may be impossible, he says, to do away with all inequality of reward, but the essence of socialism is to reduce this to a minimum; and he illustrates this opinion in several interesting ways. He illustrates it by giving us examples of what he calls false socialism. One of these, he says, is the doctrine of the land for the people, which means that every cultivator should own the land he tills. Another is what he calls trade-sectionalism, which means that the workers in every trade should be joint owners of the materials and the machinery in question, and divide amongst themselves the entire proceeds of their sales. A third is what he calls joint-stock in-

dividualism, which means that the operators in every separate factory should hold all the shares, and do the best they could with their business, as the ordinary capitalist does now. All these methods, he says, though they often pass muster as socialistic, are in absolute opposition to the root ideal of socialism, for they all imply that the motive of those concerned is to secure a reward for themselves proportionate to their personal efforts. The peasant, with his own plot of land, would exert himself to increase his own hoard. If the colliers owned the coal trade they would struggle to fill their own pockets by restricting the output and by raising prices, precisely in the manner practised by the colliery owners now; whilst each co-operative company would act in the same way. These methods and ideas, says Mr. Webb, form a practical hindrance to socialism, and they do so for the following memorable reason. They form a practical danger to socialism because, whenever they have been partially realized, the rank and file of the workers exhibit precisely the same spirit as that which socialists reprobate in the ordinary employer and capitalist. The desire of each unit to compete, to do the best it can for itself, and to keep for itself the advantages which it has itself gained, springs up as naturally in the heart of the peasant proprietor, of the trade-unionist, or the joint-stock co-operator, as it does in that of a Rothschild, a Beit, or a Morgan. It is impossible to imagine a stronger condemnation of socialism than this complaint of Mr. Webb's, that even men who imagine themselves socialists instinctively rebel against its primary principles.

And now let us go back to the accounts, already glanced at, given us by Mr. Brooks of socialistic experiments in Brussels. These, it would appear, if judged by Mr. Webb's standard, are not in the true sense socialistic experiments at all. But, however that may be, they illustrate two important facts. Their success is admitted to depend on the capability of the managers; and, though the managers have hitherto consented to do their work for salaries inferior to those they could command in private businesses, they have, Mr. Brooks tells us, consented to do this because they are themselves propagandists, enthusiastic for a new idea. Even so they are aware that they are making a great sacrifice. They are practically giving in alms the money they refrain from earning. That this should take place when a new experiment is being started, and an industrial or distributive business is being run as a social protest, is not unprecedented. But history shows us that, in proportion as undertakings succeed, the militant enthusiasm which made them successful evaporates, and enthusiasm has to be replaced by a different kind of stimulus. No successful business, whether we call it public or private, can be permanently based on the self-immolation of those on whom its success depends. Moreover, in these so-called socialistic experiments another counsel of perfection, which is a prominent feature in the socialistic programme, has been tried. This is the establishment of a minimum wage. But, Mr. Brooks tells us, the Belgians have found it absolutely necessary to accompany the minimum wage by a concurrent insistence on a certain minimum of work; whilst a French socialist told Mr. Brooks that socialists, if they ever become predominant, would apply, and be forced to apply, means of compelling the reluctant to labor of a far more drastic kind than those practised or thought possible now.

In New Zealand, the country where state socialism has assumed the largest proportions, the Government, says Mr. Brooks, is in form a great capitalist. It manages many businesses which

elsewhere are in private hands. But, in the first place, he says, it does not manage them well; and, in the second place, he shows us that, though the Government is a capitalist in form, it is a capitalist in form only, the government stock being held by private investors and bought, sold, and gambled with like the stock of any private company. Thus New Zealand, in spite of its seemingly socialistic advances, retains and consolidates one of the most important features which it is the aim of socialism, according to Mr. Webb, to eradicate. It stimulates men to produce and to save wealth in order to invest it as capital and make it a source of income.

If, then, we are told to regard socialism as a beacon towards which we should direct our course, we have no hesitation in saying that it is a beacon on a fatal rock, which we ought rather to regard as a lighthouse whose function is to warn us away from it. Regarded thus, it is a mere ideal of dreamers, who know nothing, or next to nothing, of the broad facts of human nature. Indeed, Mr. Webb himself indicates in one place that this view, if not correct, is, at all events, not an unreasonable one. "All through the tale," he says, "two views are possible, and we shall take the one or the other according to our knowledge and temperament." This is perfectly true; and our hope is this, that the world may learn from the socialists—what it might have overlooked otherwise—the extent of the social evils which at present call for a remedy; and that the socialists will gain gradually from the world a calmer practical knowledge which will show them that socialism is not the way to remedy these evils.

Meanwhile, however, a salutary warning is given us by M. Gustave Le Bon, who, in his acute and elaborate work, "Psychologie due Socialisme," presents us with an analysis of the elements in human nature out of which, under given conditions, the socialistic temper develops itself. We say the socialistic temper, instead of the socialistic theory, because, as M. Le Bon points out, the latter is a result rather than the cause of the former, being little more than an attempt, or a variety of attempts, to justify it. According to him, the immediate injury with which socialism threatens society does not consist in the realization of any definitely socialistic institutions—in this way, he says, it has had no success worth notice—but in the state of uncertainty, in the weakening of the will, in the want of confidence which it tends to produce in the minds of the ruling classes, especially the ruling classes in the world of commerce and industry. These men, he says, despite their capacity, are in danger of losing confidence in their own position. They become unable to define it to themselves; they become unable to defend it; and the muscles of the industrial organism accordingly lose their vigor.

There is truth in this criticism, doubtless, as applied to all countries. There may be special truth in it as applied to France; but there is one thing which is tending at the same time to dissipate socialistic fallacies, and this is the criticism of experience. Whatever may be the case with M. Le Bon's country, we see signs that such criticism is becoming increasingly efficacious in our own.

The Quarterly Review.

STUDIES IN LITERARY PSYCHOLOGY: CARLYLE AND THE PRESENT TENSE.

Persuaded as I was—and as I hope my reader will also be after my analysis of De Quincy[1]—that the greatest differences in literary effect are due mainly to different treatment of the verb, I set about an examination of the present tense, as it has been employed in our language.

It seems an idiotically obvious remark, yet one is apt to feel a little shock of surprise when its truth is brought home to one: *the present tense, makes things present;* it abolishes the narrative and the narrator. This can be verified, as the relation of relief and color is best verified in pictures, by a process of reversing, like standing a picture on its head. The ballad gives us this. For in the ballad the bulk of the telling is sometimes in the present tense, and the effects are obtained by a lapse into the past. For instance:—

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair o' shoon of the velvet green;
And till seven years were come and gone
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

Here the ballad monger, like the uneducated folk of our own day, experiences a difficulty in following an action without actually witnessing it, hence he speaks in the present; but when he wants to sum up the result, he unconsciously employs the past tense, which makes an end of the business. And of course the alternation with the past tense produces by contrast an extremely lively tense of the present. In more artistic ballads the past tense is prevalent, and there is a jump into the present at the moment of passion and action, with a very solemn drop back into the past to give the result. Thus, in the *Braes of Yarrow*:—

Two has he hurt, and three has slain
On the bloody braes o' Yarrow;
But the stubborn knight crept in behind,
And pierced his body thorough.

Again:—

She's ta'en him in her arms twa,
And given him kisses thorough;
She sought to bind his mony wounds,
But he lay dead on Yarrow.

It is surely no mere coincidence that the past tense should here recur as soon as the action is finished.

I have said that the present tense abolishes the fact of narration. This has a most important result, that of doing away with the sense of cause and effect. For we cannot feel any causal connection without projecting ourselves into the past or the future. The present tense, constantly pushing us along, leaves no leisure for thinking about *why;* it hustles us into a new *how*. The present, in this case, never becomes a past, the thing which we can keep and look into; it simply drops off into limbo, vanishes entirely, as it probably does in the case of many children and thoughtless, uneducated persons.

Moreover—and this is obvious—the present tense can bring the event before us, or us before the event, forcing us into a kind of sham belief. I say of *sham* belief, because this special kind of condition, that of

[1] The Living Age, Dec. 26, 1903.

dramatic illusion, is often totally different from the genuine kind of belief, what William James would probably call the "warm, familiar acquiescence" which belongs to the sense of reality. We may sit in a theatre and be hurried, bullied into interest and sympathy with something which we do not seriously believe possible. And here I should like to distinguish very clearly between this kind of realization, due to presentation on the stage or to presentation by the present tense and similar devices, and realization by such fulness and harmony, such organic synthesis of co-ordinated detail, as is produced by only the very greatest novels or poems. After watching a Sarah Bernhardt play, or reading a chapter of Dickens even with breathless interest, I am by no means haunted by a certainty that something is going on, that certain people are contriving to live, struggle and suffer, such as I have after reading Thackeray, or Stendhal, or Tolstoi; on the contrary, there is often, as one lays down the book or rises from one's seat, a feeling of abrupt breaking off, of blowing out the lights. For once lapsed into silence, Lady Dedlock, Snagsby, Jo, Talkinghorn, Chadband, cease to exist, cease therefore to develop, even like the personages of a Sardou drama after the curtain has fallen. But the Newcomes, the family of Del Dongo, and Katia, Levine, Anna, Vronsky, Natacha, Princess Mary or Pierre are just as living and active when I am not reading about them as when I am; and the poisoning of Othello's mind takes place, as a matter of fact, between as much as during the acts. Why? Because all these great creations have an organic, inevitable existence of their own, and once in contact in our thoughts, they must alter and act on one another even like real things; whereas the others are mere cleverly-painted puppets, whose movements catch and arouse our attention; but which, once the band hushed and the lights out, collapse into heaps of wood and wire.

By this hangs the fact, often puzzling in the extreme, that "thrilling" stories are so often very poor and so often forgotten as soon as read; also that pathetic effects can be produced by third rate talent. The difficult, the unique thing to produce is such fascination as continues when the reader is surrounded by different impressions, and submitted to contrary influences, the fascination given by the life organic, which is also the life everlasting! I have spoken of Dickens' use of the present tense. It is accompanied by several dodges converging towards the same effect. First, the dodge (the essential factor of theatrical illusion) of making the characters say their whole say, instead of telling us what they said; with the result that the most unlikely thing is accepted because, in a way, you are made to hear it, and speeches are listened to with acquiescence which would revolt our sense of probability if their substance were merely retailed. Again, and more efficacious still, the dodge of undoing the wrappers one by one, taking the boxes one out of the other, and thereby producing, like the conjuror, a spurious belief in the reality underlying these deliberate proceedings. I will not lay impious hands on Dickens, whose greatness exists despite such glaring drawbacks; so I will invent a passage after his manner, burn him only in effigy: "In that street there is a house; in that house there is a room; in that room there sits a woman." Each affirmation (impossible to negative because there is no real connection with any) builds up a certainty in the reader's mind. So that when we come to "and that woman is sewing

a shroud," the certainty is positively crushing. How sceptical we should remain if the passage ran as follows: "In a certain house of a certain street, a woman sat sewing a shroud."

This undoing the wrappers is, as I hinted, a frequent accompaniment of the use of the present tense; it exists in most ballads, and in the popular recital (as one may still hear it in certain countries) of fairy tales. And all such processes—or all processes so employed—present tense, dialogued narrative, reiterative development of unrelated facts, or, if you prefer, elaborate peeling away of one fact and showing the next, and take the place of the power of persuading the reader by intellectual or emotional evidence that things really have happened in that particular way. They have the advantage of saving, not merely the skill or genius which the writer has not got, but the intelligence and imagination, the sympathy, nay, the mere attention which the reader may not be able or inclined to give. We are all of us at times too poor in spirit or nerves to meet the artist half way, and help him to build his magic cities and plant his enchanted woods in our soul. It is on such occasions that a good thumping on the drum, or a good flaring of Bengal lights is highly welcome. And for this reason such aids to interest and to tears are indispensable to a large number of persons, those who happen to be tired, or were never anything else.

In amazing contrast to what, let us say, Dickens contrives by means of the present tense, is what Carlyle employs it to achieve. The contrast is between melodrama and the highest lyric, the lyric of prophecy. Here—say in "The French Revolution"—we become witnesses no longer of juggler's tricks, but of miracles. Let us watch and wonder.

The intellectual process is wholly different from the one we have been examining in Dickens. Carlyle's present tense does not oblige us to witness the taking of the Bastille or the death of Louis XVI. in the manner in which Dickens' present tense has obliged us to witness the death of the Man from Shropshire, or the interview of Lady Dedlock and Guppy. Louis XVI., Mirabeau, Danton, and the rest are seen but vaguely, as from a distance, recognizable on the whole by some constantly recurring attitude easily identified from afar; nay, by some quite superficial peculiarity like "Dusky D'Esprimenil," "Gyrating Maurepas," or "Sea Green Robespierre," Carlyle's "Revolution" affording in this a curious contrast to Michelet's, where we learn so well the actual features, the marks of underlying temperament, the very visceral life, in many cases, of all the *dramatis personæ*. No; in Carlyle the illusion is not in the least of the dramatic kind; it is of the lyric. What the present tense does here is to transport us perpetually, to hustle us unceasingly into the presence of Carlyle himself. It forces us, without allowing a pause to think or glance over our own shoulder, to look down on the revolution from the skyey post of observation where *He* sits, like some belfry gargoyle overlooking a flattened city and a mapped out country, among the storms and sunsets; a kind of cosmic, archangelic dæmon, seeing the molehill-upsettings, the ants' processions and tumults of this world, and this world as but a tiny item of the swirling universe around him; seeing it all with comprehension of the how and why, with pity and disdain. It sounds ridiculous to say (something like the anti-climax of a nostrum advertisement) that it is the present tense which allows Carlyle to do and be all this; but that seems to be the case. For the present tense dispenses

with all question and answer, all explanation; and it gives continuity not to the things he speaks about, but to what he says about them, with the result that what we are witnessing is not the drama down below in streets and fields, nor even the drama in human hearts (there is wonderfully little fellow-feeling with anyone); but the drama up here in the soul of this strange, marvellous prophet, Stylites-like among the forces of Nature, calling out what he sees in the little earth, in the vast infinity, like Jeremiah muttering and shouting of the past and future, "Therefore I am full of the fury of the Lord; I am weary with holding in. . . ."

There is no difference, save in length, in subject and in philosophic attitude, between the "Revolution" and a poem like "Abt Vogler," or the "Grammarian's Funeral." The doings of Jacobins and Girondins, the September Massacres or the War in Argonne, hold the same place as the Illumination of the cupola or the uphill procession; they are episodes, illustrations, metaphors almost, bringing home the eternal laws of Being and Becoming, of Death and Revival; and they are for Carlyle, as for Browning, what they were for the "Chorus Mysticus:" alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichniss.

Take a chapter of the "French Revolution" and transpose it into the past tense; you will get the same effect as by similarly transposing "Abt Vogler" or the "Grammarian;" all cohesion, all co-ordination will disappear; the transition from one subject to another will become senseless; the action, which is that of the Prophet holding forth, will come to a stop. But the consecutiveness of cause and effect, the intelligibility of history will not have been attained. For what will those sudden vocatives, invectives, prophecies become in a mere past tense narrative of sublunary events? And what connection will there be among those historical affairs, stranded in bits, if we no longer feel their connection in the travailing or transfigured spirit of the Seer?

But I will take an example. I open the "French Revolution" literally at random, at the beginning of the 4th chapter of the last book. And, substituting the past tense for the present, I produce the following half page:—

The Convention, borne on the tide of Fortune towards foreign victory, and driven by the strong wind of Public Opinion towards Clemency and Luxury rushed fast; all skill of pilotage was (or *being*) needed, and more than all, in such a velocity. Curious to see how it veered and whirled, yet had ever to whirl round again, and scud before the wind. If, on the one hand, it readmitted the protesting Seventy-Three, it had, on the other, to consummate the apotheosis of Marat; it had to lift his body from the Cordeliers' Church and transport it to the Pantheon of Great Men; flinging out Mirabeau to make room for him. To no purpose: so strong did public opinion blow. A Gilt Youth-hood, in plaited hair tresses, tore down his busts from the Theatre Feydeau; trampled them under foot; scattered them, with vociferation, into the cesspool of Montmartre. His chapel was swept away from the Place du Carrousel; the cesspool of Montmartre was to receive his very dust.

I should add that in making this slight alteration in a few verbs, I have found it inevitable to alter the pronouns also: it is impossible, for instance, to speak of the Convention as *we*, once it is a thing of the past it becomes *it;* and thereby the interrogative passages become more or less childish.

This one travesty should suffice to show that in this book the present tense is not in the least a device (as people sometimes imagine) for making the narrative rattle on. As a fact the

narrative never does rattle on; anything but that! The use of the present tense answers on the contrary to Carlyle's very personal attitude in what is really the world of contemplation; and it is, I believe we should find, only one of the inevitable literary expressions thereof; for no man's style was ever so organically personal as his, so intimately interwoven with individual habits of thought and feeling; at all events, I think, among English prose writers. But if my reader is not convinced we will try again, but this time purposely selecting one of the pieces of purest narrative, one, therefore, which ought, on the face of it, rather to gain than lose by transposition into the past tense. Here it is, made a hash of by that simple alteration of tenses.

On the morrow morning, she delivered her note to Duperret. It related to certain family papers which were in the Minister of the Interior's hand . . . which Duperret was to assist her in getting; this, then, had been Charlotte's errand to Paris? She had finished this in the course of Friday, yet said nothing of returning. She had seen and silently investigated several things. The Convention in bodily reality, she *had* seen; what the Mountain was like. The living physiognomy of Marat she could not see: he was sick at present and confined to home. About eight on the Saturday morning she purchased a large sheath knife in the Palais Royal; then straightways, in the Place des Victoires, took a hackney coach: "To the Rue de l'Ecole de Medicine, No. 44." It was the residence of the Citoyen Marat! The Citoyen Marat was ill, and could not be seen; which seemed to disappoint her much. Her business was with Marat, then? Hapless beautiful Charlotte! hapless squalid Marat! From Caen in the utmost West, from Neuchâtel in the utmost East, they two were drawing nigh each other; they two had, very strangely, business together. . . . No answer. Charlotte .wrote another note, still more pressing; set out with it by coach, about seven in the evening, herself. *Tired day laborers had again finished their work;* huge Paris was circling and simmering, manifold, according to its wont; this one fair figure had decision in it, drove straight, towards a purpose. . . . And so Marat, People's Friend, was ended; the lone Stylites had got hurled down suddenly from his pillar; *whither?* He that made him does know.

I have underlined the passage about the workmen, because the result of the altered tense is particularly bad here. This passage deals with the general, the universal, the always happening, and that cannot be adequately given by the historic tense. For the same reason no large generalization can be formulated in the past tense. Compare the difference between "all men have died," and "all men are mortal."

The present tense, therefore, which is a rough and ready dramatic trick in the ballad, and the vulgar dodge for realization in a writer (for all his genius) of the superficial psychology of Dickens; the present tense is also the natural form of the lyric or the prophecy. For men like Shelly, Browning or Carlyle, it is the tense of the eternal verities, which, from their very nature, have not *been*, but, like all divine things, always *are*.

Vernon Lee.

The Contemporary Review.

THE GROWING DISTASTE FOR THE HIGHER KINDS OF POETRY.*

I am here, this evening, not to expound, nor yet to narrate, much less to instruct, but to plead; not as a lecturer, but as an advocate, the advocate of the Higher Muses, of Urania, Polymnia, Melpomene, not of Terpsichore or Erato, who are still sufficiently popular, and need no advocacy of mine or any one's; the advocate of the Poetry of the greater Masters of English Song. With these few preliminary words, I will at once betake myself to my theme, which is "The Growing Distaste for the Higher Kinds of Poetry." You will, perhaps, and quite legitimately, be disposed to ask what I mean by the Higher Poetry; and to that question I will give an answer directly. But before defining what is the Higher Poetry, I think it will be well for us to have a clear idea in our minds as to what is Poetry. I have seen many definitions, none of which have quite satisfied me, and therefore I must run the risk, no slight one, I am aware, of offering a definition of my own. In the Gospel according to St. Mark, we are told that Peter, James, and John were taken by our Lord up to a high mountain, and that He was transfigured before them. I trust I shall not be thought irreverent if I suggest that Poetry is Transfiguration, the transfiguration of the Actual or the Real into the Ideal, at a lofty elevation, through the medium of melodious or nobly sounding verse. Illustrations are not unoften the most convincing form of argument, and I will ask you to allow me to illustrate my meaning, and fortify my definition, by brief examples of what is, and what is not, Poetry; and they shall be from a Poet we all love and honor, and who notoriously affords numerous examples of both. Need I say that I allude to Wordsworth? The following lines are from his "Simon Lee, the Old Huntsman":—

And he is lean and he is sick:
His body, wrinkled and awry,
Rests upon ankles swollen and thick;
His legs are thin and dry,
One prop he has, and only one,
His wife, an agëd woman,
Lives with him near the waterfall,
Upon the village common.

Oft working by her husband's side,
Ruth does what Simon cannot do;
For she, with scanty cause for pride,
Is stouter of the two.
And though you, with your utmost skill,
From labor could not wean them,
Alas! 'tis very little, all,
Which they can do between them.

Need we shrink from saying that, though written by Wordsworth, this is not Poetry? Let us forget it, and turn to another poem of his, which is equally simple as far as language is concerned, but which everybody will have just as little hesitation in saying is Poetry, and very beautiful Poetry. It is called "The Reverie of Poor Susan":—

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years;
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard,
In the silence of morning, the song of the Bird.

* A discourse delivered at the Royal Institution on the evening of February 5th.

It is a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapor through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside!

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven; but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade:
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colors have all passed away from her eyes.

Here, everything is transfigured, while retaining its reality—nay, whilst its very reality is made more real to us. Wood Street is transfigured; the thrush is transfigured; Lothbury and Cheapside are transfigured; mist, river, hill, stream, and shade are transfigured; Susan is transfigured; and we who read are transfigured. We are on "a high mountain apart."

Having thus defined and illustrated what is Poetry, we may now pass on to answer the inquiry: What is the Higher Poetry? and the answer will be the most quickly and the most securely arrived at by noting what is the proper field or domain of Poetry—in other words, what is the material or subject-matter with which it deals.

The material, or subject matter, I venture to submit is, whatever men perceive, feel, think, or do; and, if one reflects for a moment, one observes that there are four well-known kinds of Poetry—Descriptive, Lyrical, Reflective, and Epic and Dramatic Poetry—taking the last two conjointly, corresponding in the closest manner with whatever men perceive, feel, think, or do; in other words, with Perception, Feeling, Thought, and Action. Now, is there an ascending scale of dignity and importance in Perception, Feeling, Thought, and Action? I think everybody would reply: Assuredly and obviously there is. We perceive before we feel, we feel before we think, feel and think before we act, at least in any matter of consequence; and so we may safely assert that Emotion is a higher function than mere Perception, Thought a higher function than mere Emotion, Action higher than any or all of the other three, the reason being that what follows implies and includes what goes before, while what goes before does not imply and include what follows. But, if this be so, there must be a corresponding scale of advancing dignity and importance in Descriptive, Lyrical, Reflective, and Epic and Dramatic Poetry, respectively, provided that, in each case, Imaginative Transfiguration, operating through the medium of melodious or nobly-sounding verse, takes place.

For Descriptive, Lyrical, and Reflective Poetry, provided it be of sufficient brevity, there is perhaps as much taste and liking as ever. But from Narrative and Dramatic Poems, unless they be of the most modest dimensions, most readers nowadays turn with invincible repugnance. Men and women of a former generation seized with eager hands on a new poem, read it with fervent tenderness, returned to it again and again, learned much of it by heart and gave it a permanent place in their thoughts and affections. Thus did our fathers, thus our mothers. Their descendants look on a long work in verse with coldness, and for the most part refuse to become familiar with it; Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Byron, even Shakespeare

himself, being read and tolerated to-day but fragmentarily, when at all, and what constitutes the real superiority in those great writers, viz., imaginative Thought and imaginative Action, being especially repugnant to them. I hear and see, as I have no doubt you hear and see, frequent quotations, though nearly always the same quotations, from lesser poets, but I rarely hear and see quotations from, or references to, the higher poetry of the really great Masters of our Poetic Literature.

What has caused this change—I must call it this much-to-be-regretted change—in general taste and practice? It has been caused, mainly, by the creation and universal dissemination of another form of Romantic Literature, better adapted to the capacity of the average mind, and even to the average mood, of superior minds. Novels have ousted Poems from their old place in popular affection. A man would indeed have a morose and thankless disposition who failed to acknowledge the services, many and various, rendered by prose romances to the present generation, and he would display a narrow critical capacity if he did not discern the immense ability, frequently the delightful genius, employed in their production. To the overwrought brain they are an invaluable distraction, to the frame recovering from sickness one of the most effective auxiliaries of the healing art. But the habitual devouring of novels, not to rest the mind, nor to minister to convalescence, but solely to pass the day, excite emotion, or feed curiosity, must perforce destroy the taste for mental food of a more delicate and sustaining kind. Resorted to at first as a pastime, novel-reading is too often continued as an occupation, and what might have been a useful tonic becomes the most depressing of stimulants.

For what is it, for the most part, readers look for in prose fiction? They look, for the most part, for an exciting story, most frequently for a love-story, and for descriptions of men and women as they are. I suppose everybody will allow that the most delightful of all love-stories in verse is that of *Romeo and Juliet*. Yet is it not the fact that, save when some lovely if otherwise imperfectly gifted creature impersonates on the stage the impulsive daughter of the House of Capulet, the interest in that sad but enchanting drama can scarcely be described as general to-day, and that the intrigues of dwellers in Mayfair, described in halting prose, are found infinitely more entrancing by subscribers to the Circulating Libraries than the tragic epithalamium of the lovers of Verona?

If we turn from the interest aroused by story to that which arises from the portrayal of human character, we see a kindred revolt. To describe men and women as they are, for the delectation of men and women as they are, may possibly be the proper business, and apparently is at present the chief task of the novelist. But, assuredly, that is not the function of the Poet, who if he glances from heaven to earth, glances likewise from earth to heaven. His enduring vocation is, while thoroughly knowing men and women as they are, to transfigure them into what they might or what they ought to be. "Man has lost his dignity, but Art has saved it. Truth still lives in Poetry, and from the copy the original may be restored." This splendid saying of Schiller is, I think, not undeserving of the notice even of the novelist. But for the Poet it is an instruction and a watchword.

It is with extreme reluctance I say anything that may seem in any degree derogatory to the feminine temperament, for which I entertain the warmest admiration and the deepest reverence. But I should be sinning against candor were I to affect to believe that

the interests of women, as a rule, are as wide and as detached from personal issues as are the interests of men. The lady who said the other day that she was not in reality much interested in Politics, but that she was greatly interested in Politicians, uttered a suggestive truth not only regarding herself, but likewise regarding the majority of her sex. It is no demerit in them; but let us frankly recognize the fact. They are more interested in individual joys, sorrows, sins, sufferings, and emotions generally, than in national or world-wide issues. One of the greatest of Poems opens with the well-known words, "Arms and the Man I sing." What is the instantaneous feeling of most women on reading such an announcement? Surely it would be expressed by the words, "Sing of the Man by all means, and especially of his relation to women; but of Arms we hear quite enough in the newspapers." Hence the Fourth Book of the Æneid, with its fascinating episode of Dido and Æneas, is the only one in Virgil's great poem that really interests them, and they absolutely refuse to concern themselves about the *Romanam condere gentem*, the foundation of an Empire. To Poets I have heard, they are peculiarly gracious; but I could not advise any Poet who has written verse of various kinds to ask them to be as much absorbed by his more thoughtful and intellectual poetry as by that portion of it which is purely and exclusively emotional. Those among you who may happen to have read Ovid's Heroïdes, will perhaps remember two striking lines in the letter supposed to be written by Helen to Paris:—

Apta magis Veneri quam sunt tua corpora Marti,
Bella gerant alii, tu, Paris, semper ama.

"You are," she says, "much more adapted to be a votary of Venus than of Mars. Let others go forth to battle; but you, Paris, remain by my side and devote yourself wholly to the offices of Love." To take Helen as the type of her sex would indeed be a calumny of the grossest kind. But even in the most extravagant exaggeration there not often lurks a slight element of truth; and is it not the truth that, as a rule, women are more interested in Love, maternal, filial, conjugal, domestic Love, than in the mighty issues and the impersonal causes that from time to time stir mankind, and inspire Poets with their loftiest themes and their sublimest works? But women are much the most numerous readers today and, participating as they do in the universal emancipation from authority, they select their own books and bestow their suffrages on the works they happen to like best.

It can hardly be necessary to point out the effect this must have on the popularity or unpopularity of the Higher Poetry. But there is yet another reason why the really Higher Poetry has fallen into wide disfavor. We have been asked, during the last twenty or thirty years, to accept as great Poetry what I must continue to think, and be allowed to continue to affirm, is not Poetry at all. I will cite one brief specimen of the verse to which I allude, leaving you to decide in your own minds whether you agree with me or not:—

What can I gain on the denying side?
Ice makes no conflagration . . . .
Strauss may be wrong. And so a risk is run—
For what gain? Not for Luther's, who secured
A real heaven in his heart throughout his life,
Supposing death a little altered things.

Friends,
I absolutely and peremptorily
Believe!—I say faith is my waking life:

One sleeps, indeed, and dreams at intervals,
We know, but waking's the main point with us,
And my provision's for life's waking part.
Accordingly, I use heart, head, and hand
All day, I build, scheme, study, and make friends;
And when night overtakes me, down I lie,
Sleep, dream a little, and get done with it,
The sooner the better, to begin afresh.
What's midnight doubt before the dayspring's faith?

Is there any Transfiguration here? Are we taken up to a high place? Is the Actual transformed into the Ideal by imaginative, or even by musical, or nobly-sounding verse? Is that Poetry? Yet I have not quoted it at random. I have extracted it from a most eulogistic notice, in which are cited and extolled passages after passages of a similar character. The bulk of the writer's verse is written after much the same fashion, and this, we have been told, and are still being told, is great Poetry, when of a truth, whatever else it may be, it is not Poetry at all.

To express one's self in other than flattering and propitiatory language of newspapers is, I fancy, somewhat uncommon. But I do not feel myself wanting in the candor to say that the excessive reading of newspapers is as hostile to the cause for which I am pleading this evening as the excessive reading of novels, though for a somewhat different reason. Much ability and much patriotism are exhibited in the daily and weekly Press. But if a fastidious literary sense, and a certain elevated and independent way of looking on things are to be maintained, newspapers should be read rather for their news than for any other purpose. What a serious person, who has read, say two, well-informed morning papers, can want with newspaper after newspaper, save to fill up time that surely could be more usefully and more pleasantly employed, I am unable to say. Daily and weekly journals are of necessity more or less polemical in character, and not infrequently lapse into gibes at those who are not of their way of thinking. The habitual reading of such, though no doubt perfectly harmless to those concerning whom they are written, must needs have a deteriorating influence on the mind of those who read them, and increase distaste and want of discrimination for the higher literature, especially for the Higher Poetry, whose mission it is not only to expand and elevate the intellect, but likewise to ennoble the character, and, in the phrase of Aristotle, to purify the passions.

A Poet and Critic, who is no longer with us, but whom many in this room must have known, and whom I am happy to remember I, too, knew, and held in much honor—you will at once surmise I refer to Matthew Arnold—was never weary of insisting that in Poetry, as in Life, there should be what, translating a word employed in the meridian of Athenian Philosophy, he called "high seriousness," and he explicitly propounded that the greatness of a Poet depends on the amount of "subject-matter" or "criticism of life," with which, in his function of Poet, he habitually deals. I have always felt, and I once ventured to say to him, that the phrase "criticism of life," is rather an ambiguous one, seeing that the word criticism is commonly used in a totally different sense from that in which he intended to use it, and I must confess I prefer the phrase, "transfigured representation of life." But let me hasten to add that, my own conclusions on the subject were, and are, substantially the same as his, or I should scarcely have had the courage to discourse on Poetry before

the Royal Institution. But even the best, the soundest, and the most circumspect of critics are subject to inadvertent utterances, sometimes; and I have a letter from him somewhere in which he said that Shelley's lyric in *Prometheus Unbound*, "My soul is an enchanted boat," seemed to him "mere musical verbiage." I think there was some exaggeration in that expression of opinion, but what probably he intended to convey by it was only a protest against the excessive admiration that has prevailed in our days for mere sensuous lyricism. But a far more serious inadvertence, because published, and recorded in print to this day, was the intimation that the verse of Pope perhaps belongs rather to the prose than to the poetic literature of our language. I am confident he would not have maintained that position, if privately challenged to defend it, and I well remember how, when walking with him in his garden at Aldworth, Tennyson expressed to me an opinion concerning Pope of a very different kind. I do not say that all, or by any means all, the verse of Pope is Poetry, for, as Byron truly observed, a long poem can no more be all Poetry than a sky can be all stars. It is the very presence of Thought, of the reasoning faculty, of method, of sustained purpose, in Pope, that makes him unwelcome and uncongenial to the readers of Poetry to-day; yet, as Matthew Arnold says, it is the amount of subject-matter in a Poet that is the main point. What is it that makes Shakespeare the greatest of Poets, no less than the greatest of dramatists, if it be not the amount of Thought, of Reason —remember, "Reason thus with Life" —we encounter in his Poetry, and I at least should regard it as rank critical heresy if any one were seriously to maintain that "The Rape of the Lock" and the "Essay on Man," do not belong to, and do not occupy a very distinguished place in, our poetical literature. Yet they are found unreadable, and remain unread, by the majority of the readers of Poetry to-day. Perhaps I may be permitted to recall, in passing, that in my youth I knew by heart the whole of the "Essay on Man," and Goldsmith's "Traveller" and "Deserted Village," and, as a matter of course, Gray's famous "Elegy," and I am sure I was not peculiar in that respect. Is there a man or woman under thirty at this moment who can say the same? If there is, I should much like to make him, and still more her, acquaintance.

This general alienation of taste from the higher, more serious, more intellectual Poetry, the Poetry containing more subject-matter, more criticism of life, extends to the whole range of our Greater Poets and our Higher Poetry— to Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Pope, to Shakespeare himself, whom readers to-day know only by what may be called the Tit-Bits of Poetry; and we may be quite sure that if the great dead are treated in this manner, later writers of verse will have fared no better. I happened to see, a little while ago, a notice of a new poem in unquestionably the most reputed of weekly critical publications, and the reviewer incidentally, and not in the least illnaturedly, observed that the writer in question was essentially and exclusively English in his works. I confess I was startled by the remark, for it so happens that the subject and scene of nearly all that writer's longer works are not English, but foreign, are laid abroad, and, in a word, are cosmopolitan in character. But, being long, serious works, containing a criticism of life, they were ignored by, or more probably unknown to, the reviewer. But the fact is unhappily beyond dispute, that the Greater Muses, the Urania, the Polymnia, the Melpomene, of the Greeks, the Heavenly Muse of Mil-

ton, have fallen, if not on evil tongues, at least on evil days. Not only the "Heavenly Wisdom" that Milton invoked, but Earthly Wisdom, as well, is unwelcome to the readers of Poetry to-day, and there is no Higher Poetry without Wisdom, without the intellectual power to look before and after, conjoined with the transfiguring imagination. Even the higher examples of Lyrical Poetry are less relished than lyrics of a lower and narrower quality; Spenser's "Epithalamium," and Byron's "The Isles of Greece," each with its great theme greatly treated, being far less popular than lyrics of a merely sensuous, mellifluous, and occasionally jingling character.

If we turn to the Stage, which used to be thought the proper domain of the higher, indeed, of the highest, Poetry, what do we see? Audiences determined, let authors, managers, and actors strive as they will, not to have Literature, and Poetic Literature most of all, inflicted on them, but, in its place, sumptuous scenery, choregraphic sensuousness, and the lightest of music. And from which part of the House is this demand most marked and most persistent? The answer must be, from the Stalls, whose occupants, alike in the theatre, as in their reading, exhibit an ever deteriorating and more frivolous taste.

It is possible that some will say, though I do not think it will be said by any one who is here this evening: "Well, if novels, newspapers, and plays of the most vapid and transitory kind *have* taken the place of poems of high seriousness, of lofty imagination, and of wise moral meaning, what does it matter?" What does it matter! It matters enormously, it matters vitally. This is not the place, nor this the occasion to inquire if trade be slipping from our grasp. But this is the place, and this peculiarly the occasion, to note that the entire thought, the whole anxiety, the raging controversy, of the hour is not if we are growing less intellectual, less spiritual, less wisely serious, but wholly and solely whether we are or are not growing less wealthy and less materially prosperous. Will any one contradict me if I affirm that Material Prosperity is the ideal, and Wealth the very Divinity of the Age? Nor is this degrading conception of the purpose and uses of life peculiar to ourselves. It is the Ideal that prevails everywhere. Do I exaggerate if I say that it may be called the Cosmopolitan Religion of the time? That is an appalling thing to say; but if it be true, it should be said and resaid, iterated and reiterated, from the housetops till it reaches the ears, sinks into the hearts, and arrests the madness of those who have adopted it. Such is the evil, such the danger, by which we are menaced. Where are we to look for rescue or remedy, if rescued we yet can be? Where but in the pages of the Greater Poets, the Higher Poetry, which present to us a very different conception of the meaning, the purpose, and the uses of Life, and keep steadily before us a worthier and nobler Ideal. This you will not find in merely Lyrical or Emotional Poetry, however beautiful and enchanting it may happen to be. I ask no one to desist from reading it; it would be strange indeed if I did. But I urge that it should not be the only Poetry, or even the chief Poetry, held in honor and affection. Lyrically Emotional Poetry, if too much read and too exclusively cherished, has its dangers. In delighting, it may demoralize. In soothing it may enervate. It is the Great Poetry, the Higher Poetry, that, in delighting, strengthens and ennobles. I doubt not there are some sitting before me who occasionally feel, as the phrase is, out of sorts, run down, wanting in tone, and who are told by their physician all they need is change of air, but

mountain air, change from the relaxing and stifling atmosphere of the valley or the plain to the fortifying breezes of some high place. As with the body, so with the Spirit, which, after abiding overmuch in the relaxing atmosphere of purely emotional and sensuous Poetry, requires to be braced by companionship with the masculine Poets, the Poets who move and enchant, but at the same time stimulate and strengthen, by mingling with Emotion, Thought, Intellect, and Reason. Turn we then to these: to the indulgent Chaucer, to the chivalrous Spenser, to the majestic Milton, to the sociable Pope, to Wordsworth in his more poetic, to Byron in his more moralizing, moods; above all, to Shakespeare, the highest, the greatest, the wisest of us all. No one deserves the designation of Great Poet who is not wise, who is not a profound philosopher, and who does not invite and assist us to consort with, as Wordsworth defines Great Poetry,

Reason in her most exalted mood.

Alfred Austin.

Fortnightly Review.

A LAD OF PROMISE.

Ruari,[1] the strong fair-haired sone of Murchadh Bán,[2] was a lad of promise,—indeed he was more than that, for already in his youth there were so many things he could do that it seemed he had only to choose which one he would be at always. He could sing, and his voice was for depth like water flowing among stones, and for sweetness like the singing of birds on a clear morning. "He is without doubt to be a great singer!" said his mother often, for she was very proud of him. He could play the pipes, and the music he made was such, that even the old and the sorrowful would be ready to dance when Ruari was playing. "It is sure he is to be a great musician," his father would say; "music was ever in our family." He could make songs too, when the fit was on him, and the songs and the music and the singing were such, that you might go from one side of the country to the other and not hear what would please you so much.

And as for the other things Ruari could do, they were so many that it would only be spending your time to mention them all.

Ruari had it in his mind to do something great in the world, and it seemed as if that would not be difficult with so many gifts as he had. But it was needful first that he should make up his mind what he would begin at, and that was not so easy. He would go through the woods and among the hills and beside the sea, thinking to himself which thing he could do best; but he did not know, and the spirits that are often speaking to a man when he is alone by himself, always in the air, seemed to be calling to him and saying, "Why will you be troubling your mind, Ruari? You are young yet, and there are many things to be passing the time with, till matters are more settled with you." So Ruari put the time past in cutting peats, and going after deer, and other things, and always he would be thinking of what he was going to do in the days that were coming, and his mind was full of music and singing

[1] Roderick, pronounced Rooarie.
[2] Fair Murdo, Murachad Baan.

and splendid words—only far away, like a great company going by in the distance.

Time was now passing, and Ruari was come to years; but he was no farther on than he had been before,—indeed people heard less music and song from him than they had done formerly, yet they would say often among themselves, "Look at Ruari, so quiet as he is, and there is not a man in the country who could be his match at anything were he to bestir himself." And Ruari too thought the same, and yet he was in no hurry to begin, seeing that he had still so much time before him.

One day it chanced that he was going through a wood, a long way off from his own place, and when he came near the edge of it, what should he hear but some one singing a song that he had made himself. He looked out, and it was a girl gathering crotal[1] on the hillside, and, from the way she sang, it seemed to Ruari that he had never before known half the meaning that was in his own song. It came into his mind to speak to the girl, but all at once it seemed that he had no courage. She was so beautiful that in all his life he had never seen any one like her, and how then could he speak to her, who was himself no more after all than a common man? So he stayed where he was till the girl went away.

Next day he came again to the same place, and found the girl on the hillside as before, herding cows, and this time he stepped out to where she was. "Good day," he said, and could think of no more to say. "Good day," said the girl, and she too had no more to say. Ruari stood before her wishing he had not come, and now not knowing how to go away. "I must be going after the cows," said the girl at last, and she set the dogs after them; and Ruari went away, and he had no wish to be speaking to her again.

[1] Crotal, a lichen used for making brown dye.

The next day, however, as he was going home to his own place, he passed through the same wood, and when he came to the edge of it there was the girl at the herding, and this day she was again singing his own song.

"Where did you learn the song?" said Ruari, coming out from among the birch-trees. "I got it from a herd-boy from another place," she answered him, "and for beauty there is none like it in the world that I ever heard." "Well," said Ruari, "I am the man that made it, and little did I think I should see another that could sing it." "I have long wished greatly to see the man that made it," said the girl, looking earnestly at him. They stood for a long time without speaking. "The next that I make," said the lad at last in a low voice, "will be for you." "And the next that I sing will be that same," answered the girl, almost in a whisper. And Ruari went away.

After this, Ruari was going more than ever through the woods and among the hills and beside the sea, thinking of the song he would make for the girl, and as he went it seemed that voices whispered to him, "Why will you be troubling your mind, Ruari, with songs and other things? Is it not enough for you that you can be thinking of her?" And Ruari thought that it was enough, and he put past the time with many things, and the same thought always in his mind.

Two years went away, and at last Ruari made a song that seemed to him to be good enough for the girl, and he took his pipes, and went over the mountain to the place where he had seen her, and as he passed the hillside by the wood, there was no one there. He had not gone far beyond that, when he met a man he knew, from his own place, dressed in his best clothes on his way to a wedding. "Is it the son of Murchadh Bán we have here?" he said to him, very pleased, when they met.

"There is no one I would like better to see, for I am on my way to a wedding, and who would be so welcome there as a piper like yourself?" So Ruari went with him to the wedding; but when they came to the house, who should the bride be but the girl he had come to seek, and when he found that, he turned in haste, and was going out at the door when the man he had met took him by the arm. "Stay, man," he said, "why are you so bashful? Come away to the dinner, for you must give us piping after that is over." So Ruari stayed; but he kept near the door, and the girl did not see him. When the dinner was over, the piping began, and Ruari piped in his turn, and the girl saw him, and began to weep. Then he sang the song he had been so long making for her, and now the whole company saw that she was weeping. "It is now about two years since her brother died," said some one to Ruari, speaking low, "and she has never cared for music since then, though she used to be so great a singer."

Then Ruari went out of the house with the pipes under his arm, and took his way home. He was going all the night, for the way was long, and there were many things he might have seen, for it was full moon. It was a night of many stars, above and below, for there was much water in the way he went, and in every pool there was a star shining. As he was going through the wood the owls cried to him, and when it came near morning, there were hundreds of birds singing. But Ruari could hear nothing and see nothing except a company of many people, and in the midst of them a lad piping and a girl weeping.

Ruari now made up his mind that he would be a singer, for that was the thing that seemed to him best of all; and that he might do this, he went a long way off, to the great Master of Singing, that he might get his advice and assistance, for it was now years since he had wished to make a singer of Ruari. All the way, as he was going, he thought of the songs he would sing when he began in earnest, and it seemed to him there was nothing in the world he would like so well as to be a singer, and he wished he had not spent so much time in other things. The Master of Singing gave a great welcome to him, and yet was angry with him that he had not come sooner. "And now you must sing," he said, after a little, "for it is years since I heard your voice." So Ruari sang, and even as he did so he felt that there was some power gone away from him that he used to have. "O Ruari! Ruari!" said the Master, when he had finished. "Did I not tell you to begin singing years ago, and instead of that you must be spending your time in cutting peats and herding cattle and going after deer, and now the cold and the wet and the time have spoiled the voice that you had, and you will never after all be a great singer."

"Is that so?" said Ruari, after standing quiet for a minute.

"It is so," said the Master.

So Ruari came home again; and now it seemed to him that he had never in all his life wished to be anything else but a singer, and so sad and vexed was he with this trouble and the last, that he gave no heed to anything, but spent the time in foolishness, so that his father and mother were grieved at the heart to see him. And still it was in Ruari's mind that he would yet do some great thing in the world, for were there not many other things he could do besides singing?

In the meantime he grew more and more reckless and wild, so that he did not seem to people like the same Ruari he had been before. There was no drinking row in the place at which he would not be, and with his piping and sing-

ing it seemed as if he put the spirit of mischief into every one that came near him. All the lads and young boys of the place would follow him, and the old people did not know what to do. And the songs he made were not now such as he had been used to make, but wild and reckless as he had himself become.

One night as he was piping, and the lads were singing and shouting and drinking, an old good man, who had known them since they were all young children, came in as he was going past and spoke wise, grave, serious words to them; but before he was done speaking Ruari laughed, and began a tune on the pipes. And when the old man was gone, he made a song about him, so that the lads shook with laughter when they heard it. But that night Ruari did not go home with the rest. He went alone by himself to the hills, and there lay weeping in the heather till the day came.

"I will now indeed give up my foolishness," said Ruari in the morning.

He went home, and began to work steadily and soberly; but his mind was not content, for he had always the wish to be something great, and he had no doubt he would be that some day, for it always seemed easy to him to be above others in anything. He set to work to make songs, as he had been used to do; but now he could only make clever mocking ones, such as he had made for the foolish lads. No others would come into his mind, though he would go seeking for them among the hills as in old days. There was not now the same appearance in anything he saw, though he could not say what it was that was wanting; but at last it seemed to him a trifling thing to be making songs at all.

He took again to piping, and so wonderfully did he play that people began to come from all parts to hear him; and one day the chief himself sent for Ruari, and it was said in the place that the son of Murchadh Bán was at last to be a great man. Many people were gathered together at the Castle,—noble lords and ladies, and among them notable singers and players,—and all had heard of Ruari, and all wished to listen to his music; but they never heard it, for just then he fell ill and it soon became plain that he would do no more piping, and it was told to him that he would never be strong any more.

This gave great grief to Ruari, but there was no help for it, and after a while he began to say to himself that he would now give his mind altogether to good things. He began to remember tales of old ancient good men, and to think he would not be content till he could be like them.

"A great good man," he said to himself, "that is the best of all; and now it seems that is all that I can be." The days passed, however, and he got no better from his sickness, but instead grew weaker and weaker, till at last some one told him that it was Death that had come upon him. At first he would not believe it, for such a thing had not come into his mind, but after a while he saw that it was true. He lay quiet for many hours after he saw that, and many things passed through his mind.

"God be merciful to me a sinner," he said at last, very quietly, "for now I see what it is that I have been." And Death took him.

"Poor Ruari!" said the neighbors, speaking softly among themselves in the house. "Who would have thought that this would be the end of him—such a lad of promise as he was." There was a man in the place who was not "wise," and he was there at the time and heard them speaking. He went and gave a last look at the dead piper.

"Well, well, Ruari!" he said, smiling to himself, "who knows but you may come to something yet!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE SOUND OF THE DESERT.

The Syrian Desert between Baghdad and Damascus; two white tents, a prowling jackal, and a starry sky.

. . . . . .

There was a sense of stir in camp; a rattle of tins and a neighing of animals; a faint odor of lighted charcoal was wafted in at the tent door. I opened one eye; X. still slumbered peacefully at the opposite side of the tent. The Armenian cook appeared at the door with a jug of water and a light. "One o'clock," he said laconically as he placed them on the ground and retired. The stars were still shining; my bed was very warm. True, it was one o'clock in Turkish time only, but no Christian ought to be roused at that hour. X. fell out of bed with a determined thump. "It's late," she said. I made no response, but knowing from experience that X. was always right, tried to reconstruct my ideas about time, and reconcile the fact that it was late with its being one o'clock in the morning. Besides, if X. ordained that it was late, in another half-hour the tent ropes would be loosened regardless of the stage our toilet had reached, and a falling tent, when one has just got one's back hair into shape, is exasperating, if not damaging. I got up, and just managed to hurl myself through the door, mostly clothed, as the tent collapsed on the ground. X. was already seated cross-legged on a rug outside, holding one blue hand over a few charcoal embers, while she munched a piece of dry bread held in the other. "You need not think I have eaten all the butter," she said, "because there wasn't any." Satisfied with the explanation, I munched my bread in silence, and swallowed a cup of thick tea; we had been carrying water for three days, and it was getting opaque.

The stillness of the night which had reigned outside was being invaded by the cries and movements of men; dark forms flitted about as they watered the animals and adjusted the nosebags for the morning's feed. A horse, impatient of his tether, had broken loose, and was galloping defiantly round the camp, inspired to further mischief by the methods of his pursuers, whose idea of reassuming their authority over him was to rush in his direction flourishing whips and uttering piercing cries. All at once he was brought to bay entangled in some tent ropes, and a sudden lull fell on the disturbed atmosphere. The Oriental can work himself into a pitch of excitement which would keep a European in hysterics for several hours, and then suddenly banish the frenzy from his mind and become instantly silent and unconcerned. There seems no half-way stage between excessive noise and an indifferent silence.

But this incident had somewhat awakened the men, and they set to work to pack up the camp; the mules were unloosed, and stood about with looks of resignation, as the loads were adjusted on the creaking pack-saddles and secured with ropes. There was a subdued din and confusion without any sense of hurry. "Allah! Allah!" the native cries when he exerts himself in any way; "Aha! Aha!" he cries with equal ardor, mingled with satisfaction, when his task is accomplished.

And now the last knot has been tied, the last cloak laid across the saddle, and the last ember of the dying charcoal fire has been carefully raked out to light the cigarette, and we straggle slowly out into the gloom, leaving one

charred spot and a sardine-tin in the sandy waste.

There had been a suggestion of redness in the gathering light for the last few moments; streaks of silver and bars of gold lined the dusky sky. It is disconcerting to be travelling westwards when one wishes to be aware of a rising sun. I twisted myself round in the saddle, and, leaving my horse to pick his way, advanced backwards. The whole scene was soon a vast glow of color, the yellow sand of the desert holding and reflecting the brilliant reds and yellows; and now the sun appeared on the horizon line, and slowly rose until the whole disc of fire stood out in glowing magnificence, and then gradually grew paler as he shared his substance with the surrounding sky. The long, straggling line of our caravan, which had looked like a black serpent twisting through a sea of fire, became less black in the growing light, and men and animals assumed individual shapes.

In another half-hour the broad light of day showed the surroundings in their common aspect. I twisted round again in the saddle, and having turned my back on poetry and romance, became only conscious of the temperature of my extremities. The cold was intense; X. and the soldiers were far ahead; the caravan lagged behind; I was alone with cold hands and feet. Poets and philosophers have talked of being alone with the sun and the earth; if ever conditions were favorable for enjoying the sole companionship of these two elements, it might seem to be in the present circumstances. But in the desert one can be more alone even than this, for in some frames of mind no sense of companionship comes to one from the sky and the earth. Cold and implacable, the grim silent desert stretched away in front beyond the realms of space; the hard blue sky overhead stared into the abyss of Time; neither offered any link between Nature and man; there was nothing one could take hold of, no cloud in the sky of which to ask the question, "Whither?" no shadow on the earth to which one could say, "Whence?" You were thrown back on yourself, were only conscious of your beating heart and a void. The words of a great lover of Nature rose up in my mind: "There is nothing human in nature. The earth, though loved so dearly, would let you perish on the ground, and neither bring forth food nor water. Burning in the sky, the great sun, of whose company I have been so fond, would merely burn on and make no motion to assist me." You felt keenly alive in the middle of this cold dead space, and you knew there was something alive in you which demanded something of it; had you no place in the economy of this silent universe? Was there no way of making yourself heard or felt? Is it that the soul of man must be there to make things alive, and you were now crossing earth where no soul of man had crossed before, and therefore all things were dead? From sheer agony I cried out; no answering echo followed; the sound fell flat and dead. The cold heavens stared placidly on, the surface of the earth was unruffled. I drew rein and listened intently: I heard the roar of London streets; the cry of the newsboy, the milkman's call, the tramp of a million hurrying feet; I heard the rush of trains and the screech of engines; I heard a thousand discordant voices in divers tongues where men were struggling and rushing after material ends; and, dominating all this, infinitely louder and more distinct, making itself heard supreme and all-powerful, filling the great space, in which one had seemed eternally lost, I heard—the Silence of the Desert. Why wish to make oneself heard. Better be still and listen to the voice of silence; let

its words sink into you, and become part of you, and so take some of its quiet and peace back with you into those crowded cities of men.

If there is a link between anything in you and in this grim stretch of barren sand and impassive depth of distant sky, it is the appeal of its silence to the silence in you. It is the material aspect of silence in its crudest form, appealing to and recognizing in you the unspeakable realms of silence which exist in the region you are dimly conscious of beyond your senses. As we pray to the sea for its depth and calm, to the wind for its freedom, to the sun for its light, so we pray to the desert for its silence; let your nature expand to the width of this horizon, to the height and depth of this sky, and fill it all with the eternity of this silence.

Ask of the sun why it shines, and if there is light in you it will answer; ask of the wind why it blows, and to fettered and free alike it gives its answer; ask of the desert why it is silent, and if there is silence in you you need no answer.

Is there any calm for you in the sea until you put it there? Do you feel any freedom in the wind until you have created it? But can you, in any mood or in any circumstance, evade the silence of the desert? Its influence extends alike to those who receive it and those who resent it.

The men who have no region of silence in themselves are under the power of its physical aspect; to them it is oppressive, wearying, and deadening; there is an absence of life, a presence of monotony, from which there is no escape. But once we recognize its silence as being of the nature of what we possess in ourselves, the shadow of monotony and oppressiveness is lifted. Can its effect be better described than it is in that fundamental doctrine of Islam, where it almost coincides with the teachings of Christianity in its endeavor to give expression to the truth? "Islam," that is the resignation of our own will to that of one great power; the effacement of self, the futility of pitting our own will or mind against that of the great silent, all-powerful, inevitable laws of Nature—the Moslem idea of fate and power; the Christian's blending of his own will with that of the Divine will; the scientist's recognition of law. You may put it how you will; are they not but different interpretations of the unseen power, which, silent in itself and only understood in silence, holds supreme sway in moments of silence; and, when expressed in its physical aspect in these barren places of the earth, appeals through our eyes and ears to the regions in us, beyond these senses, where it exists in its essential condition.

I rode on. The sun had warmed my left side through, and the right was beginning to thaw; my shadow, which had been keeping pace with the horse on the right, now began to creep in front as the sun rose higher; by the time its burning rays poured straight down overhead the foreshortened shadow seemed to be leading the way along the desert track. In time the heat became almost unbearable, and, suddenly awakening to the stern realities of physical discomfort, I brought my whip down on the horse's flank. He leaped, startled, in the air, and then flew after his shadow in a settled gallop; air, of which one had become unconscious, rushed past one's face, and the muffled thud of his hoofs on the sand seemed to measure time and space. I dashed up to X. and stopped dead beside her. She looked round inquiringly. "Let's eat," I said. She looked at her watch. "We have been riding four hours," she said; "we might stop at the next good place." I looked ahead significantly. "One place looks much the same as another," I said,

"I think there is a dip in the ground further on," she answered, "where we might get a little shelter." There did seem to be a slight wave in the flat expanse, and we rode on to it; but like all dips in this country, when we arrived at it it did not seem to be there. We had had so much experience in riding after delusive dips that we decided to stop here, and slid off our horses. The cook unpacked the lunch from his saddlebags and placed hard-boiled eggs, biscuits, and dates beside us. He carefully filled a cup with a thick, brown liquid from the bottom of his waterskin. "Bitdi," he said, by which expression he conveyed that the fresh water was now finished. Then he and the men retired a few yards and ate their lunch. Nothing was heard but the steady munch of human jaws; then the men stretched themselves on the sand, and absolute silence reigned, broken by occasional snores. We too lay back, each concealed from the other, under two huge umbrellas, which seemed rather to focus the sun's rays than shade them from us.

When one was alone the desert had seemed full of unqualified silence; the company of others made the silence seem even greater, for the slight sounds which there were made one more conscious of the sound which was not. The clank of the horses' bits, the quiet breathing of one's companions, the stir of a foot, made one realize the intensity of the silence of the whole vast expanse. The far-off tinkling of the mule bells in the approaching caravan gave one a sense of distance such as would hardly have been experienced by simply gazing at an unapproachable horizon. The heat and the slight fatigue added a feeling of drowsiness which made even the solid things around one seem shadowy and distant. It was a waking sleep; one's senses were numb because of the absence of anything to call them into play, though one might "see, hear, feel, outside the senses." Just as one may be alone in a London street one may live in a whirl in the desert; the throb of humanity——X.'s umbrella shut with a bang. "Wake up! the caravan is coming." A cloud of dust, a stamping of animals, a shouting of men, and we were off once more. It was our habit to keep pace with the camp in the latter half of the day, and for the next three hours we dawdled along at caravan pace. It was a motley crew. The muleteers trudge along behind the laden animals, taking turns on the back of a patient, sorrowful donkey, on which they ride sideways with dangling legs, pricking its side with a long needle, the secondary object of which was the repairing of broken straps. The pack-mules go doggedly on in front, jostling one another with their unwieldy loads. Occasionally one gets off the track and wanders aside, only to be urged back into line with yells and blows; another stops dead, feeling its load slip round sideways; the men rush at it with shouts of "Allah! Allah!" the load is shoved up and the ropes tightened; there is a general din of shouting and swearing and jangling of bells. And above it all the disdainful camel moves deliberately on, with measured step and arched neck, unmindful of the petty skirmishes so far below it; its owner, infected by its spirit, rocking on the top, surveys the whole scene with a dejected, uninterested air. Bringing up the rear, motionless and erect on small donkeys, ride one or two older Arabs, wrapped in long sheepskin cloaks, their faces entirely concealed in the folds of a kafiyeh, save where two stern and solemn eyes gaze unceasingly at you with expressionless imperturbability. Wild sons of the desert, product of this eternal silence, are you so much a part of it that you are unconscious of its power?

The only gay and careless element is

introduced by the Turkish soldiers. Mounted on splendid Arab mares, they ride in front, sometimes dashing ahead at a wild gallop, holding out their rifles at arm's length, then wheeling suddenly round, and coming to a dead stop in front of an imaginary enemy, upright in their stirrups; in their more subdued moments they break into song with the mournful Eastern refrains.

And so, forming one small world of our own, we "follow and follow the journeying sun," and as it sinks lower on the horizon and its fierce rays cease to beat pitilessly down on the parched ground and thirsty animals, a silence falls on the moving band. The spirit of the desert again holds sway. The men cease quarrelling, the animals' heads sink lower, the donkey looks more resigned, the mule more dogged, the camel more superior, the silent Arab more stern and forbidding; the soldier hums where he sang before. Then at last the walls of a solitary guardhouse heave in sight; the men hail it with joyful cries, the soldiers dash ahead, the pack-animals prick their ears and quicken their steps to an amble. There is a general rush and tumble, culminating in a dead halt on the ground which has formed the place for caravans since caravans crossed the desert. All is noise and confusion; the loads are unloosed, and fall in promiscuous heaps amongst the medley of animals, who, released of their burdens, roll over on their backs, kicking up the dust. A line of men draw water from the well, pulling at a squeaking chain and invoking the aid of Allah in chorus as they pull. A fight is going on in one corner; men are knocking each other down, encouraged by a circle of yelling spectators; the din of excited, quarrelling voices, the hammering of tent-pegs, dominates everything, broken at times by the sudden neigh of a horse bitten by its neighbor, or the harsh, imperious cry of the camel for its supper; and in the middle of it all the Turkish soldier spreads his cloak upon the ground, turns his face to Mecca, and offers up his murmured prayer to Allah, the one restful form in this scene of chaos.

"Allah Akbar" (God is great) prays this son of Islam, and with his hands upon his knees he bows his head. "Subhana 'llah" (I praise God), and he falls upon his knees; "Allah Akbar" (God is great), and he bows his head to touch the earth. "Subhana 'llah, subhana 'llah, subhana 'llah," and he sits upon his heels; "Allah Akbar," and he again prostrates himself; "Allah Akbar, subhana 'llah."

And on this scene the sun casts its final rays of gold and red. As the shades of night draw in quiet reigns once more; the men collect round the blazing camp fire, and in its light we see the outlines of their dark forms seated, cross-legged, as they eat out of the common bowl or take turns at the bubbling nargheli; at one side the mules are tethered in two lines, forming a half square; a muleteer is grooming them, and one hears the rattle of his scraper and the ever-tinkling bell. The cook is stirring our evening meal in a pot on the fire outside our tent. And now Hassan has brought our rugs and spread them on the ground; we lie down, and he covers us over with his sheepskin cloak. "Rahat" (rest) he says, and lifts his hands over us as if pronouncing a blessing. Then he sits down beside us and lights a cigarette. "Bourda ehe," he goes on, describing the universe with a sweep of his hand. "Kimse yok" (it is well here—there is no one). "Is Allah here?" asks X. "Allah is here," he answers with simple reverence; "Allah is everywhere," and we all lie motionless under the stars, unwilling to probe the silence by the sound of uttered thoughts. The murmur of the

men's voices gradually dies away as, one by one, they doze off; a jackal cries in the distance; a star falls down to earth. The day is over, and in this land of the Oriental there is no thought of the morrow.

The passive silence of sleep, the active silence of communing souls, the silence of night—all fitful expressions of the one great silence brooding over all, be one asleep or awake, by night and by day, in desert places and in busy haunts of men.

Louisa Jebb.

Longman's Magazine.

FRENCH HOUSEKEEPING.

BY MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS.

OFFICIER DE L'INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE DE FRANCE.

French housekeeping may be described as the glorification of simplicity, a supreme economy of time, outlay, and worry. Nothing more conspicuously exemplifies the ply of the French mind. In no other field is so well evidenced French love of method, economy, and mental repose.

I will first describe a day's housekeeping in Paris, the household consisting of nine or ten persons, four of whom are domestics, less than half the number that would be found necessary in England. Having sent cups of tea or coffee and rolls upstairs, and prepared coffee for the kitchen, the cook is free to go to market. Her fellow-servants help themselves to coffee from the hob and bread from the cupboard, each washing up his or her bowl when emptied. The milkwoman has deposited her can of milk, the baker has brought the day's huge supply of bread. No one will have business with the kitchen bell till next morning.

French meals, it must be remembered, are practically reduced to two; no elaborate breakfasts after English fashion, no nursery or school-room dinners, no afternoon teas. The wet-nurse dismissed, Bébé takes its place at the family board. The fashionable world certainly indulges in what is called a "five o'clock," but rarely, if ever, at home. The tea restaurant is a favorite rendezvous, and tea-drinking is strictly confined to its patronesses. In modest, middle-class homes, the pleasantest meal of the day with us is quite unknown.

We will now follow our cook on her errands. Having taken orders from the mistress, she sets forth provided with two capacious baskets or string bags. As there are no tradesmen to call for orders, neither fishmonger, greengrocer, butcher, nor grocer, she can take matters easily, which in all likelihood she does. The French temperament is not given to flurry and bustle, and a daily marketer will naturally have a vast acquaintance.

But our cook will ofttimes fill her panniers nearer home than even the nearest market.

A pictorial and heart-rejoicing sight is the Paris street barrow, ambulatory cornucopia piled high with fruit, flowers, and vegetables, the fertility of the most fertile country of Europe here focused on the city pavement. Small wonder if the caterer halts before one of these, tempted by freshest of green things in season—salads, herbs for flavoring, sorrel for soup, asparagus, artichokes or peas for her *entremets*. A halt, too, she will very likely make at a fruit barrow, providing herself with the dining-room dessert—luscious little wild strawberries (*fraises de quatre*

saisons), melons, figs, whatever happens to be at its best.

But the day's provision of meat, poultry, fish, butter, and eggs has to be found room for, and in all probability she will conclude her purchases at the market, her joint or joints of meat wrapped in paper being consigned to the bottom of a pannier, lighter commodities lying on the top. Both receptacles being filled to the brim, she returns home, doubtless with aching arms, but well pleased to have enjoyed the fresh air and opportunities of chat. Thus it will be seen that in a French household the process is not, as with ourselves, one of elaboration, but the very reverse. The day's budget becomes as much a thing of the past as the day itself. There is no fagot of little red books for the mistress to look over and settle once a week, no possibility of erroneous entries, no percentage paid for the booking and sending of goods.

And our cook, having only four meals to prepare, instead of her English colleague's half score, can concentrate all her energies upon these.

The dinner, in French domestic economy, is as the sun to the planets. Every other operation is made subservient to it, every other incident revolves round it. For with our French neighbors the principal repast of the day is not merely a meal, it is a dinner. This nice distinction is happily indicated by the following story. A French friend was describing to me the fare of an English country inn and praising the day's fish, roast duck, and pudding, "But," she added as a rider, "it was a meal, not a dinner."

The mid-day *déjeuner*, now called lunch in fashionable society, is comparatively an insignificant affair, not deemed worthy of a tablecloth! Lunch, even in wealthy houses, is served on the bare table, and I must say that highly polished oak, mahogany, or walnut admirably set off plate, crystal, and flowers. We are all more or less slaves to conventionality and habit, and the things we deem becoming and appropriate are most often the things with which we are familiar.

That nice distinction just quoted indicates the relative importance of dinner in France and England. The minute care, indeed, bestowed upon the preparation of food by our neighbors is almost incomprehensible among ourselves. French folks, alike the moderately well off and the rich, are never satisfied with a meal. They must end the day with a dinner.

Irrespective of economy both in catering and cookery, it may safely be averred that the one French extravagance to set against a thousand English extravagances is the dinner. It is the only case of addition instead of subtraction when balancing French and English items of daily expenditure. And the charm of French dinners, like the beauty of French women, to quote Michelet, is made up of little nothings. The very notion of preparing so many elaborate trifles for the family board would drive an English cook mad. But "Lucullus dines with Lucullus" is a French motto of universal acceptance. Plutarch tells us that the great Roman art collector and epicure thus admonished his house-steward, who, knowing one day that his master was to dine alone, served up what my French friend would call a meal, not a dinner.

Michelet says somewhere that the French workman who comes home tired and perhaps depressed from his day's work is straightway put in good humor by his plateful of hot soup. For "Lucullus dines with Lucullus" is a maxim of the good housewife in the humblest as well as the upper ranks.

Despite such fastidiousness and the high prices of Paris and France generally, French housekeeping must be less costly than our own.

Those well-filled panniers represent one kind of economy, the national genius for cookery implies another. In buying direct from the market a certain percentage is saved. Again, a French cook turns any and every thing to advantage, and many a culinary *chef d'œuvre* is the result of care and skill rather than rare or costly ingredients. With just a pinch of savory herbs and a clear fire, a cook will turn shreds of cold meat into deliciously appetizing morsels, gastronomic discrimination on the part of her patrons keeping up the standard of excellence. If I were asked to point out the leading characteristic of the French mind, I should unhesitatingly say that it is the critical faculty, and to this faculty we owe not only the unrivalled French *cuisine*, but pleasures of the table generally. Here is one instance in point. One quite ripe melon, to the uninitiated, tastes very much like another. But a French country gentleman knows better. Whenever a melon of superlative flavor is served, he orders the seeds to be set aside for planting. Thus the superlative kind is propagated. The critical faculty is ever alert in France, warring with mediocrity and incompleteness.

I now turn to the subject of household management generally. Here, also, we shall find startling divergences.

A distinctive feature in French households is the amount of indoor work done by men. When the great novelist Zola met his death so tragically, it will be remembered that two men-servants had prepared the house for the return of master and mistress. Apparently no woman was kept except, perhaps, Madame's maid. This is often the case.

In England the proportion of men to women indoor servants is as one to three or four; in France the reverse is the case, parlor-maids being unknown, and the one *femme de chambre* being ladies' as well as housemaid. The work mainly falls upon the men. They sweep, dust, and, in short, supply the place of our neat maidens in spotless cotton gowns. The fact is, had French valets no sweeping or dusting, they would often have to sit for hours with their hands before them. One element entailing a large staff of servants here is absent in a French house. This is the staying guest, the uninterrupted succession of visitors. Outside private hotels and the handsome flats of the fashionable quarters, there is indeed no room in Parisian households for friends. The words "dine and sleep" or "week end" have not found their way into French dictionaries, nor have dine-and-sleep or week-end guests yet become a French institution. Of family parties in châteaux and country houses I shall have something to say upon another occasion. It is easy to understand why three or four servants suffice, whilst in England a dozen would be needed for people of similar means and position. Descending the social or rather financial scale, coming to incomes of hundreds rather than thousands a year, we must still subtract and subtract. Where three or four maids are kept in England, a general servant is kept in France, and where a maid-of-all-work is put up with here, French housewives do without so much as a Tilly Slowboy. I have accompanied the wife of an officer, with her baby in its perambulator, to market, bringing home the day's providings.

Whilst officials, alike civilian and military, receive much lower pay in France than in England, whilst professional earnings are much less, we must remember that taxation is higher and commodities of all kinds dearer across the water than among ourselves. But economy is not always a matter of strict obligation. What we call put-

ting the best foot foremost does not often trouble our neighbors. They prefer to look ahead and provide against untoward eventualities.

A habit of parsimony is sometimes whimsically displayed.

The home is an Englishwoman's fetish, her idol. Both the wife of an artisan and the mistress of a mansion will be perpetually renovating and beautifying her interior. Like themselves, decoration and upholstery must be in the fashion.

In France the furnishing and fitting up of a house is done for once and for all. It is a matter of finality. English middle-class folks, who eat Sunday's sirloin cold for dinner on Monday and perhaps Tuesday, spend more upon their homes in a twelvemonth than French folks of the same standing throughout the entire course of their wedded lives.

The French character, to quote that original writer and sturdy Anglophile, M. Demolins,[1] is not apt at spending. Here, he says, his country-people must go to school to the Anglo-Saxon.

Even where elementary comfort, even bodily health, is concerned, thrift is the first consideration. When Rabelais jovially apostrophizes "un beau et clair feu" (a good bright fire), he expresses the national appreciation of a luxury, for outside rich homes a fire is ever regarded rather as an indulgence than as a necessity. Fuel in France is economized after a fashion wholly inconceivable to an English mind. When a French lady pays visits or goes shopping, her fire is let out and relighted on her return. Many women fairly well-off make a woollen shawl and a foot-warmer do duty for a fire, except perhaps when it is freezing indoors.

I once spent a winter at Nantes, and during my stay kept my bed with bronchitis for a week.

[1] "A-t-on interet a s'emparer du pouvoir?" Paris, Firmin-Didot.

"You have burnt as much wood during your week in bed as would suffice many a family for the whole winter," said the lady with whom I was lodging, to me. Yet Nantes enjoys an exceptionally mild climate. What my consumption of wood would have been at Dijon I cannot conceive.

Housekeeping implies mention of the housekeeper. A French woman is the direct antithesis of a German *Hausfrau*. She is not, like Martha, troubled from morning till night about many things. Dust and cobwebs do not bring a Frenchwoman's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. The scrupulosity attained in English houses by the usual army of house and parlor maids is never aspired to by French matrons.

Some years since I lunched with acquaintances in a fine country house, rather a modern château, within an hour and a half by road and rail of Dijon. The house-party, all members or connections of master and mistress, numbered twelve. It was the long vacation, and a further indication of the sumptuary scale is afforded by the existence of a private chapel. Whether or not a priest was attached to the house as private chaplain I know not. There was the chapel, a new, handsome little building, standing in the park.

As I chatted with my hostess on the terrace after lunch the topic of housekeeping came up.

"A rather onerous task," I said, "that of mistress here?"

She smiled.

"So I imagined it must be when, on the death of my husband's parents, we came to this place. But I made up my mind not to let things trouble me—in fact, to let the house keep itself, which it does, and does well enough."

"Admirably," I ventured to add; and, indeed, my experience convinces me that most French houses keep themselves. The German *Speisekammer*, or store-room, in which a *Hausfrau* spends

half her day, does not exist in French dwellings. A Frenchwoman, moreover, is far too much the companion of her husband to have leisure for such absorption in spices, jams, and the rest. This subject, namely domestic relations and social usages, I hope to treat of later.

The Cornhill Magazine.

OUR IRISH FRIENDS.

We had seen Ireland before on a clear day from the ramparts of the Castle of Peel in the Isle of Man; what we saw was a dark streak poised between a gray sky and a grayer sea. There was all the vagueness of romance in the picture. And now that we were really going there—going not to the tame, civilized, comfortable, thrifty, virtuous north, but to the wild, uncivilized, comfortless, thriftless, wicked west where, according to a Press that never lies, cows' tails and landlords' agents were in process of daily removal, the sense of romance grew almost oppressive. There was romance too in the bustle at dear, dirty Greenock, the trooping in of passengers, the clearing from the quay; romance in the run down the firth in the gathering darkness of a perfect July night; romance when the stars came out, and a sinking moon hung over Goat Fell; romance when we rounded the Mull, and the great light stood out sudden in the night like the eye of God, watching, watching.

We had been told there was an experience in a steerage passage; and certainly it was preposterously and invitingly cheap. Three shillings took us some three hundred miles. There never was a merrier company than nestled in the bow of the *Shamrock*, behind what Andy Feeney called the nose-cloth, to sing sentimental songs to Andy who had been put on double watch for his sins and was melancholy. A real sailor of the Channel, he mostly needed to be carried on board at his ports, and in consequence was sternly kept on duty, repentant and morose, till the other port hove in sight. Whenever Andy saw a lighthouse or some such thing, he shouted, "Light on the starboard bow, sir," to the skipper who, seated placidly on the bridge, could not have missed it, had he been three parts blind. And between times we rendered such touching ditties as poor Andy, wiping the tears from the corners of his eyes, desired of us. A long-limbed fellow going to Achil Island dealt out ham sandwiches, bounteously buttered, saying he would not want them next day as he would be sick. This humorous sally being laughed at, friend Feeney ventured to raise a quavering song, apparently of his own composition, and to accompany it with a shuffle amid which the Achil Islander stole away to wrestle with his fate.

It was one in the morning and time to turn in, but nothing would tempt us to go below. Part of the romance was to sleep on deck; and to tell the unromantic truth, "below" was none too savory. Far better to rough it; nothing like a clean plank bed and fresh air! It was a strange, not to say romantic, experience to lie gazing up into the stars, hearing the swish of the waters, and to realize that we were being steadily carried out to meet the Atlantic; but bones used to soft beds ashore do ill with a box and a coil of hard rope for pillow and couch. It was disappointing to find oneself so prosaic that the sense of romance

should be at the mercy of a bruised back, but after some hours of fitful and uneasy slumber we realized that here we were on a sorry cattle and egg screw plunging disconsolately down by Tory Island where the great Atlantic billows for ever rise and fall, and fall and rise, and that Andy Feeney with his rough hands, his soft Irish heart, and his pannikin of tea, was an angel. We were thirteen hours out from Glasgow; and, the brave melodies, which had risen so cheerily overnight from the forecastle patriots as we moved smoothly and sweetly past the Craig of Ailsa, were stricken into woeful silence.

However, there in the dawn, lay Ireland, unknown, strange as a foreign land. Columbus did not gaze upon America, nor Balboa on the Pacific, with deeper emotions than we upon the sister-island that in this twentieth century preserves the ideals of the sixteenth. We did not see much; a rock-bound coast, glimpses of sandy bays, of green patches dotted with white, of mountain rising upon mountain till lost in mist. A vapor ever stealing in from the sea keeps Erin green and veils in mystery masses of rock wilder than St. Abb's Head and grander than the Sound of Sleat. Nothing approaches the rocks of the west of Ireland for wild grandeur save it may be some of the Shetland Isles.

You could fancy yourself in a Norwegian fiord (we are going up Sligo Bay) and the man in the green shirt and scarlet neckcloth a Norwegian peasant. Our parti-colored friend, however, is from Connemara, and his hungry frame and twisted fingers tell of privation and toil. The miserable townships of the west with their scanty potato-patches bear many such. The Irish peasant has a name for jollity, but there is little of it in this deeply-lined face. He is not an old man—about fifty—but his cheek has all the wrinkles of age. His horizon is that of the aborigine. He knows nothing outside of his pig, his fowls, and the price of eggs at Sligo market. His mind scarce ever travels beyond his daily bread, that great, first necessity of life A week in Glasgow (the first trip of his life) has impressed upon him one outstanding fact, "Sure, Glaschu's the foine place to make the money in!" Ask him of the magnificent peaks and tortuous chasms of rock we are sliding past, he has only one answer, "Mountains of Donegal, sir." And in this he is but typical of his countrymen. Parts of Ireland seem to be as nameless as the great Sahara; the north-west corner might, like the Congo Basin in the maps of childhood, be marked *unknown*. A big island lying out in the bay appears to have no name at all.

He was indifferent to geography, but was roused to animation when I spoke of the potato-crop. That was vital. A sad-eyed peasant from Ballina listened shyly, but he broke in at the magic word "Home-rule." It acted like "Sesame." "Sure," he said warmly, while the melancholy black eyes flickered into sudden flame, "I don't believe Ireland 'll ever get it. But there's many a lump o' land if it was divided up into bits an' every poor man got wan ov the bits ov it, they wouldn't need to go away to foreign parts to be slaved an' kilt entoirely." There was no sentimentalism in the Ballina man's view, no romantic craving for the vanished glories of College Green, but a sound, healthy desire for the means of subsistence.

Proprietorship indeed appeals to the peasant more than parliament. The whole of his politics, now that Parnell is gone, is very much summed up in devotion to his member, especially if the member has been often in prison. "He's a bould wee man!" said the Ballina elector proudly. His member was

serving his six months, and, sad-eyed as he was and shy to boot, the Ballina man would have shed his blood, and my blood too, for him. The martyred member, by the way, had been incarcerated for treason, said treason consisting in the publication of a categorical statement of jury-packing in some trumpery local paper. So trivial was the moral effect of the sentence that the hero was met at the prison gate by a band and a procession. The man who comes under the ban of Dublin Castle, he is the man his fellows delight to honor. There is something serious in this; and one feels a government office can surely find something better to do than make martyrs in every county of Ireland.

These were the reflections the sad-eyed man from Ballina awoke; but they were interrupted and we were brushed aside by a rush of seamen. We had been standing round the winch. "The anchor's goin' out," said Andy; "we can't go up the bay for four hours now." Twice in the day the bay emptied itself into the sea leaving miles of green seaweed exposed amid which all kinds of creeping abominations struggled. "There's a nice place now to luke at," said Andy with pride as he wiped his brow. This was a straggling village faced by a lighthouse and backed by a mountain. Andy had been born there and he thought it finer than Dublin. An old black cobble, half-full of water, pushed out from shore, and aboard we went, reckless to put foot on Irish soil. A Paisley man grumbled at having to pay sixpence for being splashed with water and landed on a rickety pier; but when the bright-witted Irish lad offered to take him back to the ship for threepence more, he subsided and paid his coin. An opposition tub that came up during the altercation and made tempting advances to the rebellious passenger, was warned off by a ponderous oar and a Gaelic oath.

The expatriated were wild with glee. Two of them joined hands and footed a jig on the grass. Some had been away for a year, some only for a few days; yet all were hilarious. There is something beautiful in this love of Erin. It is not a sordid love, for she has little to offer them. Even yet there lingers in my memory the indescribable pathos of *Rolling Home To Dear Old Ireland* sung by a handful of emigrants who went back with us, bitter tears trickling down their cheeks. Well they knew they would never roll home to her again! "I had nine childer," said an old man to me, "an' they're all across the sea. I'll never see wan ov them more." No wonder the exiles have sore and angry hearts; when they leave Old Ireland, it is for ever. Emigration is Ireland's open wound, and it is bleeding her to death.

But the west of Ireland is waking up. Here was a brave attempt at a watering-place. Old Ireland and the new seemed to meet here; thatched cabins and slated houses fought for the mastery. A golf-course and a hotel surprised us. So here we pitched our tent; ate coarse porridge served on dinner-plates with tea-spoons; were fed on varieties of roast pork and yellow duck; found five Royal Irish constables, fine fellows, eating their heads off and keeping their swords clean, seven public-houses with seven-day licences in a village of two hundred inhabitants but less drinking than in a Scotch village of half the size; caught the grandest conger-eels ever seen, one of them with a mane like a horse and a kick like a broncho; and discovered the warmest hearts, the kindliest courtesy, the brightest wit in the British Isles.

In five minutes we seemed to know every soul in the village. The Irish people are not niggardly with their smiles or their greetings, and their

brisk goodheartedness is infectious. They have none of our suspiciousness, and their curiosity is frank, open and unashamed. Enter a Scotch village, and you meet a dead silence, covertly closed doors, furtive heads peering out from behind screens; the cats take refuge on the housetops, and the dogs snarl. Go into an Irish township; the doors open, every man, woman and child beams upon the stranger, no matter what his religion or his politics or the state of his purse, the hens peck at your feet, and the pigs come up with friendly grunts to rub against your legs.

"Are ye not goin' to the bathin', boys?" cried Captain Flavin an hour later as we watched the dying hues of an Irish sunset,—and they have real sunsets over Cluny Island. The Captain had built himself a slated house of two stories and was a man of wealth. He sat on a green seat beside the door one-half of the day, and then walked across the street to a low wall overlooking the tide for the rest of it. Between times he worked a telescope and a shovel; with the one he swept the bay, with the other the road. He facetiously termed himself a road-collector and was reputed "to make a bit o' money" as a shipping-agent. Having run a coal-screw for some years, he was an authority on navigation. Even yet he seemed to fancy himself on the bridge; not a soul could pass, from the Sligo banker down to Martin the natural and poor Mary O'Ham, without a hail. He was always sweeping the horizon with his cherished glass, and was supposed to descry approaching shipping hours before it loomed on the ordinary vision. But these delicate operations did not prevent him saluting all comers with a broadside. He was a sort of local caliph whose tongue wagged everlastingly. It rasped like a saw all day, the first thing to hear at dawn and the last at night. In that one hour we felt as if we had known him for a decade and had decided that his yarns were impossible and his jokes without point. He had already told us the famous narrative of how he stole and lost the Finest Dog in the World. We heard it again several times immovably; it was a good story and well told, but the thought of it gives me the nausea. He had pronounced his verdict on my blackthorn. "A foine stick, sir. That's the foinest stick in the world, sir. Ye see it's a thin stick. Round wans 's as common's pays. That stick would cut a man in two; it would, sir." As the Finest Stick in the World went missing next day, I presume it followed the dog.

The Captain opined a man could wash himself best in the house if he wanted to, and was a fool if he did. "It's just the fash'n," he said, cocking his white hat fiercely and looking for us to contradict him. But the Captain was old Erin; and all young Ireland was going to the bathing, young Ireland from Sligo, clean-skinned, fresh, young men and maids on English bicycles, keen on their dip as any John Bull, were whirring past. It is a pleasant way of becoming Anglicized. The rendezvous was the Point, where one met the magnificent deep blue of the Atlantic, and the sand was washed white and beaten hard by the thundering of its waves. The Captain thought the sea was not for bathing in any way. But who could have resisted that fine blue water and pure white sand?

On the Atlantic side of Iona you may get something like it. So firm was the beach that a troop of lads were racing their bicycles on it. Others were plunging from the rocks, first making the mark of the cross on brow or breast. All wore mysterious charms round their necks next the skin, which they never removed even

in diving and whose meaning we could not discover.

A perusal of Froude is not the best preparation for a visit to the sister-island of which we know so very little. There was no trace of religious bigotry about this people. They discussed their religion with us frankly, and even spoke of the Pope with freedom. We gathered they could live in harmony with presbyterianism but not with anglicanism. This may seem surprising; but episcopacy is the religion of the land-owning classes who are not loved, and the presbytery is weak in the west. Two smashing blows have been dealt to the Church of England in Ireland in the past century by one of her own sons,—changes in the land laws and disestablishment. The chief public offices, however, still seem to be in the hands of the Church of Ireland, though the county councils are changing all that. We got the whole situation in a nutshell one evening on the river. It was on the deck of the ferry-steamer. Two men were in the throes of an argument. One was a sleek fellow with pursy cheeks and a double chin, a well-cut brown suit, polished brown boots, and a cameo ring. The other wore a suit of rough home-spun, villainously made, a hard felt hat with a low crown and a broad brim turned green; his collar was a week old and in the style of ten years ago. The hat was pulled down till the hair stuck out all round the ears. The face was keen and sharp, with something of the rat about it, and his eye was quick as a cat's.

It was the old wrangle of aristocracy versus democracy, consecrated by Plato and Aristotle. The man with the brown boots and the cameo ring was on the side of the aristocrats. He was a local solicitor who got Government work to do. "I'm Oxford," he said, "and Church of England; and I believe in the rule of the best people." "Oh, indade," replied the man in the green felt, "maneing yourself an' the likes o' ye. You would have us all in the Bastille or the county jail, if you had your way ov it. An' if ye remember what happened over there,"—and here the speaker illustrated the fall of the guillotine on a soft, luxurious aristocratic neck. "And your confounded communes—eh!" retorted his aristocratic opponent testily. "Your confounded democracies need a strong man, and France wasn't right till she got him." "An' where wud he have been but for the paiple?" cried Green-felt triumphantly. "Wasn't he wan ov them?"

He appealed to us, and as scions of a democratic country we had to go with him. Cassidy was our friend on the spot, and the friendship lasted at least twenty-four hours. He finished off his opponent by an abstruse reference to Locke and the conjugation of a Latin verb. The very stuff of which the Irish M.P. is made, Cassidy was a master of disconcerting repartee, an amazingly nimble tongue, and all the self-assurance of a Venezuelan president. The Captain hated him because his volubility outdid his own. "There's a barrel, Cassidy," he said, "now praich away!" "Thank you," said Cassidy, removing his battered hat with the air of a French dancing-master, "not in the maintime." This show of politeness maddened the Captain who, unlike his countrymen, having no manners himself, detested them in others. We took our orator off. "I give any man credit for what is in him, I do, sir," protested Cassidy; "but there's nothin' in *him*, if there's aven as much."

He really was an extraordinary creature, purely self-educated, self-cultured, with a wit like a rapier, a tongue like a lance. He knew the standard English poets well, mispronounced French and murdered Latin. He loved to pro-

pound conundrums in parsing, liked dearly to be called clever, bragged of having a piano at home, boasted of a visit from the Chief Secretary who was surprised to find a man of his genius in so remote a place. Cassidy let us know that Balfour was the best man Ireland ever had,—an estimate probably not uninfluenced by this flattering passage. He complained of his poverty, but the Captain with his usual incisiveness nailed this down as a lie and gave us to understand that a man who was a farmer, a grocer, and a schoolmaster all in one, was in a good way. It is true we found him to be vain, boastful, and a sponge, but he was devilish good company, as Dickens would have said. He got into a heated quarrel at nightfall and was seen in the darkness making for the sea to cool his brain. He lived far up country, he told us, and took a craze for salt-water once a year. Unlike the Captain, he was fond of his bath; when he could not get down to the sea, he used to dam up a rivulet that flowed past his house and make a sea for himself. It was casually reported he was drowned, but next day he entertained a delighted audience for hours in front of the Captain's house, the Captain sulking morosely inside. Poor Cassidy, he had all the madness of genius.

There were glimpses of life on the river, and the navigator's spyglass was seldom at rest. Up came a fine Norwegian brig one day, refused a pilot, ran aground and heeled over. The skipper came ashore in a boat where the river pilot in his blue coat and brass buttons, large as life, waited to offer sarcasms. But the Norwegian was imperturbable. "Dam bad job," he said pithily. "You're blocking the channel," retorted the pilot. "Get one saw. Cut 'way masts." "Then your boat's done." "Ach, goodbye! Have one drink." The worthy skipper made a bee-line for one of the seven licensed places, whence he did not emerge for a week. As he did not patronize the Captain's dram-shop, that enraged mariner declared, "The devils, they'll suke his blude!" The river pilot shrugged his shoulders and offered us a sail to Cluny Island. "I'll introduce you to the King," he promised; and introduced we were. The King lay on a dingy bed under which reposed a precious hundredweight of coals. The floor was earth; and there was a small fire of turf against the wall. A goat and a donkey and some hens occupied the other corner. A great, ugly, black and white pig stalked out and in like an Alexander Selkirk. The King was ninety-five, and he was dying. The Queen was a big woman of sixty, and she watched him nonchalantly. "D'ye think he's workin' his passage?" she asked. She had never heard of the Styx or of Charon the ferryman; but the Greeks have crystalized for ever the elemental feelings of the human heart. This illiterate Irishwoman was in spirit with the classics. Her manners too were perfect. A Scotch peasant would have been awkwardly ashamed of her bare feet and ragged dress; but dirty, draggled, poor as she was, she did the honors of her wretched cabin with the unconsciousness of royalty. "It's the will o' God," she added in a little, "An' praise God, we've had the praist." This was a strange King; but few monarchs live as long.

But the finest product of the soil after all was Father MacTurner. The old priest with the sandy hair and the wide mouth, who was everybody's friend and nobody's enemy, came up to us on the road, his battered hat hung on the back of his head, his trousers much frayed at the heels, and held out a freckled hand. "Glad to see you Scotchmen come over here," he said breathlessly, while his teeth fell down as they had a trick of doing; "the Scotch are old friends. There used to

be a lot of coming and going. We ought to know each other better; but John Knox broke the golden link." He paused and frowned as furiously as his kindly old face would let him at the thought of the Scotch reformer. But a passer took off his hat, and in an instant the father was all joviality again. "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, taking the man, a stout, well-built fellow, by the arm, "look at this well-conditioned Irishman. How d'ye manage it?" "Good temper, father," was the imperturbable reply. "Oh, yes, an' good feeding too. That's the secret, gentlemen."

"Ah, well now," continued the old priest, gracefully changing the subject, "did ye ever see sich scenery? They say your country's beautiful. I've never been in it; I've never been out of the shores of Ireland. To tell you truth, I've not had time. An' I'll tell you why. I'm fifty years a priest, gentlemen; and I've had nine national schools to manage and my poor people, educatin' and trying to help. Why, gentlemen, I've fought for these people, and even yet I'd give every drop of my blood for them. I assure you, gentlemen, I've seen on a cold December day with snow on the ground and a piercing wind, twenty families put out on the road and their homes levelled. I saw the aged woman of eighty and the infant of two days put out and nothing to cover them but a little straw thrown on the ground. And the poor beasts, their byres destroyed,—I assure you, gentlemen, I didn't know which to pity most, the silent people or the roaring animals. Ah, gentlemen, that's what I've had to see; that's what I've had to fight. Well, gentlemen, let me tell you, we've gathered up a shelter for these poor people"—and here his voice broke with no simulated emotion—"Would you believe it, they came back and levelled this erection! Well then, there they were, and I was alone for them against the landlord, against everybody. I had no Land League to help me. And I assure you, gentlemen, it is the thing in my life I look at with greatest joy that every one of these families is at this day happily settled in my own parish."

"You're a great man, father," said the stout Irishman reverently. The old priest hastily wiped his eyes and resettled his teeth which had come loose. We were standing at the Point. He waved his hand to the west. "See, gentlemen, these grand hills and that magnificent sea! The hand that made them is Divine. God is above all our petty squabbles. I would never dispute with any man about his beliefs. It's between you and your Maker. It's not a matter of party. Religion is peace, harmony, concord. But John Knox,—he broke the golden link, the love that made us one. Ah, well, gentlemen," he added, breaking into his genial smile again, "good-bye; and I hope that you will flourish like this plump Irishman. Ye know the secret." Loquacious, good-humored, courteous, tolerant Father MacTurner, dispensing love and doing good, simple as a child, kindly as a woman, consecrated to his people, devoted to his land,—no wonder thy very shadow is beloved, revered! We speak glibly over here of Jesuitry and Romish tyranny; but go to the south and the west of Ireland, and you will find many admirable men, breathing the very milk of human kindness. Get the native Irish priest, bred on the soil, grown old among his people, untravelled, untutored, with a love of his cure and a knowledge of the human heart few can boast,—and you have found one of the most lovable of God's creatures.

One impression of Ireland will ever remain deeply and painfully engraven on the memory,—the hopeless, heartbreaking destitution. But nobody ever asked us for alms save poor Martin the

natural; and even this half-witted creature would not take your penny till he had read the paper for you up-side down. Nobody but an Irishman, however, could live and be happy amid such grinding poverty. Yet what breaks his heart is not the living in, but the leaving of, his country, beggarly, bankrupt Erin.

Ireland is the land of romance. The Irish peasant is romance incarnate. His memories are old as Cromwell, and a hint of Boyne Water brings the blood to his eye. He broods on the wrongs of centuries. Yet a resident landlord, a laird of the old Scotch type living among his people, would have enslaved his affection. An annual visit from royalty would make him a bigoted loyalist. The Highland crofter would be an infinitely more dangerous subject than he but for the old instincts of clan and chief; and yet the poverty of the Highlander is wealth to that of the Irishman, who with a few potatoes, some meal, a troop of draggled hens, a duck or two, and a gaunt old sow, lives in wonderful happiness and content. If he had the gloomy nature of the northern Celt, Ireland would be a hell upon earth. Land is divided and sub-divided to absurdity. A Scotch turnip-field would cover a west Irish farm whose fields are about the size of a handkerchief. An Ayreshire farmer would laugh himself sore at the primitive agriculture. Near the sea the land seems wonderfully fertile, perhaps owing to the very closeness of culture. The interior of Ireland is a quivering bog. It is easy to say the Irish peasant has no initiative; he has little indeed to encourage him.

He lives in Ireland and is happy, because he lives in a world of romance, and thinks his country paradise, because he is only a boy who loves to play truant and have his fun of the schoolmaster. He is helped by a comfortable creed which does not ask too much of him. A dose of Calvinism would have soured his boyish spirit and made him old. If the dour Presbyterians of Ulster were transplanted from their prosperous industrial centres to the bleak wilds of Connemara, there would be a problem to face compared to which the present Irish question is but child's play.

J. Scoular Thomson.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF KARNAK.

I have thought that it might be useful to give some account of the work now going on at Karnak; not so much for the regular student of Egyptian antiquities as for the general public in England, who probably have little idea of one of the most interesting departments under our present control in Egypt.

I do this in the hope that honor may be given where honor is due; to Professor Maspero and Mr. Legrain for their learning, skill and untiring devotion, and to Lord Cromer for setting them to work and furthering and encouraging their labors. And at a time when we so often have to accuse ourselves of inefficiency, it may do us good to be reminded that there are regions of the world in which under the rule of Englishmen work is being organized and carried out which has never been surpassed for importance and perfection. Egyptian finances, the Egyptian army, the Nile Barrage are instances; the care of the Egyptian monuments is no less splendid an example, and should be no less well known.

Professor Maspero, as he is still called, is the present Director of Antiquities for Egypt. He is possibly the most accomplished Egyptologist the world has seen, a ripe scholar and prolific writer. He was Director of Antiquities in Egypt twenty years ago, and had retired to devote his time entirely to literary work. We may thank Lord Cromer for bringing him back to Cairo, where his presence was much required, especially during the removal of the priceless treasures of the Gizeh Museum to their new home in Cairo. Dr. Maspero is one of the most modest and retiring of savants, and his uniform courtesy to every one with whom he comes in contact makes him universally popular. He seems cognizant of every language, ancient and modern, be it European, Asiatic or African. His English is as perfect as if he were a native of our country, and he speaks French as a Frenchman, and German as a German. As a matter of fact, he is of Italian origin and was born in Genoa.

During my last visit to Egypt I spent much time visiting antiquities by the Nile. I had the good fortune to be a guest on board Professor Sayce's hospitable dahabeah *Istar*, and we were for some time becalmed off Luxor. The Director of Antiquities was in the neighborhood, inspecting the works for the restoration—or rather the reconstruction—of Karnak, and Mr. Howard Carter's first lighting of the Tombs of the Kings by electricity. Sunday being an off-day, Dr. Maspero often spent it with his old friend Professor Sayce. The conversation turned upon the general decay of the temples at Thebes and elsewhere, which has been so much observed of late. Dr. Maspero expressed his fears that in twenty years' time most of the temples will have tottered to destruction unless prompt measures are taken for their preservation, such as have been going on at Karnak for some years.

It will be a costly business to repair all the temples of Egypt which were spared from the devastations of Mehemet Ali's days, when many of the most beautiful monuments were demolished to build sugar factories and palaces for high officials. Some of the pyramids are still, I am ashamed to say, used as quarries. The whole of Heliopolis went to supply building-stone for Cairo about a century ago, and the pyramid-field of Abu Roash as well. The Temple of Elephantine, and the great Temple of Mut at Karnak, have in this way disappeared entirely. But the only wholesale destruction under British rule is that of the Temples of Philae. They have been left to be drowned and gradually melt away under the Nile flood. Perhaps we must condone their loss, for they will have perished in a good cause, their destruction being necessary to the scheme for giving water to the thirsty land, and thus making grass grow on barren steppes.

The Temples of Karnak and Luxor cover about a thousand acres. Thebes grew into importance in the time of Usertesen I., second king of the Twelfth Dynasty (2758-2714 B.C.), when Memphis was beginning to decline. Homer mentions it (*Iliad* ix. 381) as in its prime: "Egyptian Thebes where the treasure houses are stored fullest—Thebes of the hundred gates whence sally forth two hundred warriors through each, with horses and chariots." This—say about 1000 B.C.—is probably the earliest outside reference to Thebes preserved. Chariots and horses first came into Egypt under the Thothmes about 1500 B.C. Thothmes IV. had his chariot preserved as a novelty in his tomb at Thebes; it is now in Cairo. Herodotus never got as far as Thebes, but we have full descriptions of it by Strabo and Diodorus

showing its state about the commencement of the Christian era. Cambyses had burned everything inflammable in Thebes in 525 B.C. when Egypt became a Persian province, but it had been repaired and restored by the Greeks and Romans. From Usertesen to Alexander the Great, from Ptolemy to Augustus, every ruler of the land deserving the name of king loved to add what he could to the great Temple of Amon. The Persians alone, like all Asiatic conquerors, built nothing—they only held the land to squeeze revenue from it, like the modern Turk.

With all the devastations of two thousand years, yet so much remains that the ruins of Luxor and Karnak are the most wonderful of their kind. Heliopolis and Memphis have entirely disappeared, but of Thebes so much remains that it is the duty of the civilized Government which now guides the destiny of the land to do what can be done to preserve its wondrous monuments. Happily this duty is fully recognized by the Administration, which is backing up all Dr. Maspero's efforts to save the ruins from crumbling away. Lord Cromer himself often visits the works of restoration at Karnak, encouraging and suggesting improvements.

Strange to say, it is the Nile, whether high or low Nile, that is now the destroying enemy of the ancient structures which so long have stood the test of time. The amount of deposit from the river is very great, amounting to several inches in a century. The bed of the Nile, consequently, in four or five thousand years, has been elevated some twenty feet above what it was in the days of the founders of the temples. All this has been worked out and fully explained by Dr. Maspero in his various publications. The entire soil of Egypt is alluvial; the water percolates and finds its level, whether at Thebes, close to the river, or at Abydos, seven miles from its present channel. The consequence is that all the most ancient temples' foundations are waterlogged. At high Nile the columns of the temple of Luxor and those of Karnak are submerged several feet. At low Nile they stand on dry ground. The soft sandstone of which they are built is saturated for half the year, while it is exposed to the burning sunshine for the other half. The Nile water being highly charged with mineral salts, these crystallize on the blocks of stone, and exfoliate, reducing them to a state of sand. In this way at Luxor the great columns of Rameses and Amenhotep were found to be in danger, and experiments were tried by Mr. Legrain (the engineer in charge of the temples on the left bank of the river at Thebes) to test the possibility of underpinning and restoring the rotten substructure with hydraulic cement. These having been found to be entirely successful, Mr. Legrain was encouraged by his chief, Dr. Maspero, to undertake similar work at the great Temple of Amon at Karnak. No one could have been chosen better fitted for the task. Mr. Legrain was long a pupil of Professor Maspero in Paris, and is an accomplished Egyptologist. Young, active, and energetic, he has no European assistants. All the apparently superhuman works of restoration he has carried out are done by a band of trained native workmen, assisted by fellaheen laborers and crowds of happy, smiling children. To come upon the genial Mr. Legrain when engaged, say, in lowering an architrave of forty tons or so is a very pleasing sight. He is in the thick of the fray, encouraging all in their own tongue. To see how absolutely the crowd obey him, and how scientific direction reigns supreme, gives a striking impression of power. I have often happened on the scene during my recent visits to Thebes, and always enjoyed it. In the heat of the day all

the natives cease work, and some rest under the shade, but many throw themselves down to sleep in the full sunshine.

The works of reparation of the Hypostyle Hall of Karnak were undertaken none too soon. In 1899 about twenty of the great columns had been made safe. One had been at an angle of forty degrees ever since Karnak was depicted by the French in the great volumes of their memorable expedition about 1800. It is possible that it had been leaning over as much for centuries before. Mr. Legrain had this one taken down and re-erected. The work of repair was going on well when, on October 3, 1899—possibly in consequence of a slight shock of earthquake—eleven of the great columns of the Hypostyle Hall suddenly collapsed, and three others were shaken and cracked. No work was going on, the water was still over the floor, all labors having to be suspended during the period of high Nile. Mr. Legrain at this season is employed at the headquarters of the Antiquarian Department at Cairo. He was telegraphed for, and an inspection was at once made. It was found that all the columns that had been underpinned and repaired were uninjured. Much, however, remained to be done to remedy the damage and guard against a repetition of the catastrophe.

The Great Hall of Sety and Rameses consists of 134 columns, eleven of which had succumbed, with their capitals, carrying with them their architraves. After careful examination Mr. Legrain sorted out all the fragments, and had the fallen giants arranged in rows on a bank a short way off. This was a most arduous undertaking, and was carried out by the trained workmen, every stone being selected and marked by Mr. Legrain himself. It occupied several months, and, when all the ruin was cleared and the neighboring columns shored up (or huge banks of stone and sand reared against them), Mr. Legrain reported that he could re-erect the fallen pillars and make all the rest secure. Lord Cromer himself inspected the site, and encouraged the restoration. Dr. Maspero officially advised that Mr. Legrain's plans were worthy of all confidence and should be carried out, and the necessary funds were accordingly promised by the Government.

Mr. Legrain had lived in his modest little dwelling, within the temple precincts, for several years, and knew every pillar and inscription, and his talent was shown by the identification of the carvings belonging to each block. So gradually the work went on. The seasons of 1900, 1901, and 1902 happened to be the lowest Nile floods on record, and the new foundations could be laid "in the dry." Dangerous architraves were taken down, being slid down huge banks of sand fifteen metres high, built up for the purpose. Similar measures will be used for their re-erection. Doubtless this was the means employed by the original builders of these temples and of the Pyramids. By June 1900 Mr. Legrain had the *débris* of the eleven columns cleared and had also taken down the three shattered columns, and all were safely stored on high ground away from the water. From September 1901 till April 1902 he was occupied in clearing out the ancient foundations, now in a state of mud or soft soapy masses of decayed stone. Preparations were made for an entirely new substructure, a floor of concrete. Steel beams in pairs were laid on this, crossing at right angles under the centre of each column, and all embedded in the best English cement. Lord Cromer again came to inspect the works at this stage, and Lady Cromer laid the first stone of the reconstruction. I happened to visit the place early in 1902, just after this event. Mr. Legrain told me the recon-

structed columns would be several feet above ground before the summer of 1903, and would reach their full height in 1904.

Mr. Legrain has been in charge of the ruins of the left bank of the Nile at Thebes since 1895. He made the clearance of the splendid avenue of ram-headed sphinxes, and discovered the quay which marks the former course of the Nile. On this were found engraved the register of the height of High Nile, 670 B.C., with the cartouche of Tirhaka, the King who hailed from Ethiopia, and who is mentioned in the Bible as the deliverer of Hezekiah from the hosts of Sennacherib. Besides the avenue the strange discovery was made of a "Bergerie" or "Sheepfold" of more than a hundred colossal ram-headed sphinxes, huddled together. When the Ptolemys had been making "improvements" here about 200 B.C., they had built a new approach and so shortened the grand avenue of sphinxes which Amenhotep III. had erected 1200 years before, but they wisely kept the sacred animals in stock. At one time there was another avenue of sphinxes to connect Karnak with Luxor, about two miles long. It is believed to exist still, underneath the fields, and beneath the dirty town of Luxor, about twelve feet or more beneath the present surface. This town is under native management, and is a filthy place. The hovels stand twenty feet above the temple itself, on heaps of foul rubbish. If Lord Cromer would take charge of Luxor, and do as he has done at Assouan, the town might be "improved" to a healthy locality south of the present site, the magnificent old road opened up, and the stately Pylons of Rameses' Temple, with its Obelisk and fine statues, exposed to view. Then the "Bergerie" of Mr. Legrain would supply any missing guardians of the sacred way.

In 1896 and 1897 Mr. Legrain cleared out the beautiful temple of Rameses III. This building retained its roof of great flat stones, many of which were cracked and in danger of falling. He had them suspended by steel girders from above and bolts drilled through, which are scarcely perceptible. Part of the roof of several apartments in this and other temples where the stones were gone was planked over, and the "dim religious light" thus restored. The glare of the sun for 2000 years had faded away the paintings of the sculptured walls, but many traces of coloring remain and are now preserved.

The work of clearing out the Hypostle Hall of the great Temple of Amon could only be done when it was in a dry state. Mr. Legrain found employment for his men and boys, when they could not work elsewhere, in clearing out the exquisite little Temple of Ptah, quite a gem of Egyptian architecture. Although mostly built in the time of the Ptolemys, part of it went back to Amenemhat I., whose altar was found *in situ*, of a date 2500 years earlier. In 1900 and 1901 Mr. Legrain found time to clear out the temple of Khonsu, where he made some interesting discoveries, among others a beautiful statue of the deity, which is believed to be a portrait of King Hor'm'heb of the Eighteenth Dynasty (1332-28 B.C.).

In 1901-2, before the water in the great Hall had sunk low enough to allow of the foundations of the re-erected columns being laid, Mr. Legrain had turned his attention to the space before the ruined Pylon of Thothmes III. Here he made discovery of many colossal statues, and twelve feet or more beneath the foundations of Thothmes he found the pillars of a magnificent temple or palace of Usertesen I. of the Twelfth Dynasty 1200 years earlier. The structure had evidently been wilfully overthrown; the carving was of the finest ever seen in Egypt. Profes-

sor Sayce, who was with me when I visited it, thought it had been destroyed by the Hyksos, but Mr. Legrain thinks it had got "water-logged" by the rise of the Nile's level, and that Thothmes smashed up the splendid work of Usertesen and filled in the ground, erecting his own inferior buildings ten feet above, on the top of it. A fine head of Usertesen was found here in 1903. I bought the gold ring of the same king from an Arab, who possibly picked it up here. It may have been in a foundation deposit, put there by the king himself.

The pillars of Usertesen I. had been part of a grand portal twenty cubits high. Beneath this were found worked flints of pre-historic times, showing that Usertesen had been the earliest modern builder in this locality. Mr. Legrain also found the portrait of a king never before known in history —Usertesen IV.

The fallen obelisk of Queen Hatasu, with which visitors to Karnak are familiar, was lying in several pieces on the ruins of one of the pylons. Mr. Legrain wanted to re-build these walls, and discover what was under the heap of ruins. So he moved the enormous broken top of the great obelisk, by heaping up a great bank of sand, while his crowd of men and boys, shouting and singing, merrily pulled the huge block of granite—weighing hundreds of tons—to a place of security. If he is allowed money and time enough, he will, no doubt, re-erect the broken obelisk beside its fellow. If so, it will be the highest obelisk left in the world—102 feet, originally one block of Assouan granite. The story of its erection is told upon it in elegant hieroglyphs. It was quarried, carved, and erected in five months. The name of its architect is known and his tomb has been found.

Under a similar heap of ruins Mr. Legrain uncovered (in 1903) a row of colossal statues, or caryatides, of Thothmes I., and although mutilated they still have a grand effect.

Now that the temples of Karnak are enclosed and provided with gates, with guardians appointed to take charge of the precious monuments of antiquity, more of the sculptures can be left on the spot. For nearly a century the place has been despoiled to enrich the museums of Europe. Mariette was its first explorer, and it was supposed that its treasures were exhausted. Mr. Legrain, by careful examination of the temples, and by judicious removal of the accummulations of rubbish of two thousand years, has added much to our knowledge, and his works of restoration will render Karnak safe for another century or two. In this respect he is a remarkable archæologist, for he not only discovers but restores the places he excavates.

There seems to be no limit to archæological discoveries in Egypt. Dr. Flinders Petrie was allowed to dig at Abydos for three seasons, and discovered the lost tombs of the three earliest dynasties, in a place already supposed to have been exhausted by Mariette. The Egypt Exploration Fund have done similar good work at the Temple of Queen Hatasu on the opposite side of the Nile. There Mr. Naville and Mr. Howard Carter labored for five years, and the published volumes of the Society nobly illustrate their works. These excavators also left the place in much better condition than they found it. But these savants are sent by British Societies and have only a limited time allowed them. Professor Maspero and his staff are permanent officials of the Egyptian Government, and therefore their efforts are more likely to be of permanent benefit to the State, as they remain on the spot to look after the results of their labors. Mr. Legrain has now had five years of continuous work at Karnak,

and if he be spared to complete his restoration of the Temples of Amon, he will have the thanks of every lover of antiquity.

Egypt was being stored with the richest treasures of art for 5000 years. It never recovered from the brutal destruction wrought by the Persians under Cambyses (525 B.C.), and although efforts were made to restore Karnak by local native princes, and afterwards by Greeks and Romans, yet the whole land has been looted ever since, till at last under Lord Cromer's rule it is on the way to become almost as safe as England from being further despoiled. At present, however, the thieving of small objects which find a ready sale by native dealers still goes on. The region is so vast—an extent of about a thousand miles, all over which ruined cities and tombs are buried—that Professor Maspero has a heavy task to watch over it. Lately two excellent Inspectors of Antiquities have been added to the museum staff: Mr. J. E. Quibell, formerly a pupil of Dr. Petrie, and Mr. Howard Carter, the talented artist, who drew all the copies of the Deir el Baheri Temple. Egypt is divided between them. But how can Professor Maspero and his assistants watch such a vast region? Native guardians have to be trusted. Many of these are honest men, but recently when Mr. Howard Carter was on his duties elsewhere, one of these guardians and his friends robbed the latest discovered tombs of the Kings of Thebes, and when the case came to trial, swore on the Koran that robbers had seized and bound him and committed the theft. The native Court gave this wretch a slight punishment, though Mr. Carter fully proved his case. Professor Maspero hopes to get a new law passed to meet such cases. In the meantime lovers of Egypt and her past may be assured that the magnificent relics of antiquity at Karnak could not be in more competent and energetic hands.

John Ward.

The Monthly Review.

CHINA IN THIS WAR.

Englishmen do not like "tall talking," and do not appreciate its use, which is to catch the attention of masses so slow in thought or so low in intelligence that nothing which is not exaggerated quickly inspirits them. The rather absurd bombast attributed to General Kuropatkin therefore annoys Englishmen, and blinds them to the fact that underneath absurdly florid expressions a sound policy may be concealed. We incline to believe that this is the case, and that the Russian Military Staff has resolved for the present to retreat to Kharbin, on the western frontier of Manchuria, and there accumulate the immense forces which, as they at last perceive, they must employ to drive the Japanese out of their powerful continental position. How far such a policy will affect their prestige, and with it their control over the numerous hostile peoples they hold down, may reasonably be debated. But the Russian people are not so sensitive about time as the races which are getting demoralized by half-hourly telegrams; and glacier-like movements which to Englishmen and Americans appear intolerably slow strike their semi-Oriental imaginations as truly majestic. They will, of course, defend every point *en route* that can be defended—Port Arthur, Vladivostok, Liaoyang, Kharbin itself—partly to exhaust the Japanese numbers, partly to draw

them further and further from their true base, which is the sea, but chiefly to gain time for the slow rolling up of their immense but not very mobile resources. So excellent do we regard this policy that, but for one consideration, we should entirely agree with the able military correspondent of the *Times*, who on Monday warned the Japanese that herein lay their gravest possibility of defeat. They cannot hope, even if they can march successfully to Kharbin —which we may take to be four hundred and fifty miles from their base— and win a battle at that point, to compel Russia to make peace unless the power of the Czar is broken by internal revolt or interference from the Great Powers. Russia can fight on for at least three years; and even assuming the two nations to be equal in military qualities, the weight of the European Power must ultimately wear down its Asiatic antagonist. Organization is much, and genius for battle is more, but even if the Dutch were commanded by a Napoleon, and were possessed individually of the qualities of British officers, Holland could not in a life-or-death struggle hope to defeat France, more especially if the first great exertion must be repeated for years. We should agree, then, with the writer whose really remarkable paper we are discussing that Japan can hardly hope permanently to protect Manchuria from inclusion within the Russian domain but for the consideration to which we think he attaches far too little importance. He does not perceive, or at least does not acknowledge, that from the commencement of the Russian retreat Tokio will rule Pekin, and that it is not the Japanese Army which has to be driven back, but the Japanese Army reinforced by the endless armies which China, once organized for battle and willing to fight, could continuously produce.

The military correspondent of the *Times* will at once reply that China has no such armies, and that it would take a generation to bring them into being, and we frankly concede that he may possibly be right; but we see grave reason to doubt whether he is certainly right. The whole experience of history indicates that the huge formless, half-disorganized bodies into which Oriental nations tend to decline are capable, when the brain is once revived, of sudden and marvellous reinvigorations; and all the recent information which looks accurate shows that the great mandarins who rule China think that the time for expressing their hostility to Russia has arrived, are ready to risk the chances of war, accept Japanese leadership without repugnance, and can bring up resources more important than the experience of the Japanese War led men to expect. We are assured on what seems good authority that the force known as General Ma's army already consists of over twenty thousand men, and is declared by European experts to be well disciplined, well provided, and apparently as ready for battle as any division belonging to the Japanese, from whom they have derived the magic touch which transforms peasantry into soldiers. That army is only one of twenty-five which, if the Viceroys were willing and time were given, might be brought under Japanese guidance into Manchuria. By their side will be the great bodies of cavalry always existing alike in Manchuria and Mongolia, and several of which it is believed have already benefited by Japanese training. That the Viceroys will be willing is, of course, a question for argument; but as we understand the situation, they are willing to the last degree. The whole Mandarin class is penetrated with an abhorrence of the foreigners from whom they have suffered such losses, such cruelties, and, above all, such inexpiable insults; and among

foreigners hatred naturally has fixed itself first of all upon the neighbors whose ambition they so thoroughly understand. The feud between Russia and China did not begin yesterday. The hope that an hour of vengeance may at last be arriving is moving every great Mandarin, and is either shared by the timid courtiers at Pekin, or has so overawed them that even "that awful old woman" who has been despotic so long now countersigns the decrees of the Viceroy of Pechili, the avowed leader of the war party. The instant the Russians are out of Manchuria the filling up of the province will begin, the awful overplus of the northern population pouring upon the thinly populated but fertile plains as ants will pour towards a newly discovered patch of food. The Russians will, therefore, have to drive back or extirpate armies far greater in mass than those which the Japanese Government could employ at such a distance. Of the quality of those armies it is simply useless to express an opinion; but there is no more reason why, after a brief period of Japanese training, they should not be as good as Japanese than why the younger soldiers of European armies should not catch in six months the spirit of their comrades.

We are quite aware that much of this argument will be at once rejected by the majority of our readers, who simply cannot believe that Chinamen can be efficient in any department save business and intrigue. We would ask them, however, to read any sensible account of the Taeping Rebellion, and to see how Chinamen throughout that long war died in heaps for ideas, for their leaders on each side, and on one or two great occasions in obedience to official commands. Before the appearance of General Gordon it seemed nearly certain that the untrained masses behind the Taeping leader would overwhelm by sheer fighting the entire organization of the South and set up a new dynasty. All over China there are hordes of "brigands" who fight as well as any untrained men in the world, and who, as the little war of 1885 with the French on the south-western frontier proved, could under favorable conditions face and defeat European troops.

A rising of China behind Japan seems a most improbable event; but it is not half as improbable as the creation of an ironclad fleet by Japanese once seemed, and no fair mind can affirm that the motive for such a rising is inadequate. There never was a civilized people who had suffered such a series of appalling insults. It is said, we know, that the pressure of the European Embassies will prevent the rising assuming any serious proportions; but that pressure is only felt by the courtiers, who are already mastered, and who already feel the force of the Revolutionary saying. "You have to be shaved; do not wriggle so much, or you will get cut." The Viceroys have already mastered the Palace, and they are not scrupulous as to the kind of pressure they employ. The Empress's favorite Secretary is dead already. The best evidence, however, for the reality of the situation we have endeavored to adumbrate is the obvious belief of the Russians, who know China better than we do, that this is the situation. Almost every telegram from the spot, from any of the beleaguered cities, or from St. Petersburg reveals the deep distrust with which Russians watch the disposition of the Chinese; and this also is, as we believe, the explanation, though not the justification, of the abnormal severity with which they put down the slightest symptoms of Chinese resistance. Russians are not instinctively cruel. They fear, however, a hostile movement from the vast empire in which so much potential energy lies asleep. It is on

their capacity to awaken and guide that potential energy that the chance of Japanese permanent success upon the Asiatic Continent really depends; and our object is to warn our readers that, inconsiderable as they may deem the chance to be, it exists, and five years hence may be recognized as having existed all along. Whatever the faults of Japanese may be, they are not fools. They know the Chinese through and through, and they obviously calculate that whenever they give the signal the Chinese Empire will, at any rate for one definite purpose, be at their disposal.

The Spectator.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The letters of Henrik Ibsen are being collected with his sanction for immediate publication.

A new work by Maurice Maeterlinck will soon be published simultaneously in English, French and German. It is entitled "The Double Garden."

The volume on Adam Smith in the Macmillan "English Men of Letters" series, is to be written by Mr. Francis W. Hirst, and the volume on Sydney Smith by Mr. G. W. E. Russell.

There are to be several noteworthy additions to Shakespeare literature this season from the London publishers. Professor Walter Raleigh is to publish a life of Shakespeare in the Macmillan's "English Men of Letters" series; another life of the poet is announced by Charles Creighton, M.D., under the title "Shakespeare's Story of his Life,' while an illustrated volume entitled "Shakespeare Documents," will present a chronological catalogue of extant evidence relating to the life and works of the poet. This volume will contain numerous facsimiles of contemporary documents. There is promise also of a new and cheaper edition of "Shakespeare's London," by Mr. F. Ordish, published seven years ago and now out of print. Two new chapters are added, one of which is an itinerary of buildings and sites of Shakespearian interest in London.

To judge from the following paragraph, which appears in The Academy, it would seem that certain newspaper tendencies which are deplored in the United States are hardly less conspicuous in England:

Will the present halfpenny papers affect the prices of those journals which are still fixed at one penny? Will "The Standard" and "The Daily Telegraph," for example, ever announce a reduction of price? Also, when will competition cease? Will a farthing daily be the next move? Will the time come when readers will be paid to take in a daily paper the proprietors of which will reap their harvest solely from the advertising columns? Seriously, does this keen competition tend toward the dignity of journalism? We were wont as a nation to be proud that our newspapers were not as other nations' are, but soon we may find that comparisons will be odious. Startling headlines and "written up" news are not the be-all and end-all of journalism. Newspapers, too, often have a disastrous influence in diplomacy.

Apropos of Miss Findlater's article, "Is Fiction Deteriorating?" which the

Living Age recently published, The Academy indulges in the following reflections upon the influence of the present fiction-reading habit:

It is difficult to estimate the influence of fiction to-day, but there can be no doubt that it is very great. The amount of time spent by hundreds of thousands of readers in the reading of novels passes computation, and there are very many whose whole outlook on life is based upon fiction. It is not probable, scarcely believable, that such an influence can be wholesome. It might become so, of course, were our present-day works of fiction true to life and human nature, but as matters stand it is a deplorable fact that the vast majority of readers in this country devote themselves to fiction and newspapers, neither very safe guides to a knowledge of truth.

In his new volume upon Matthew Arnold, Mr. G. W. E. Russell furnishes an explanation of the disappointing character of the two volumes of Arnold's letters which he edited some time ago—letters which represented Arnold on almost every side except the literary, and proved moreover to be singularly deficient in liveliness and sparkle. Mr. Russell says:

In reality, my functions were little more than those of the collector and the annotator. Most of the Letters had been severely edited before they came into my hands, and the process was repeated when they were in proof. . . . . The result was a curious obscuration of some of Arnold's most characteristic traits—such, for example, as his overflowing gaiety, and his love of what our fathers called Raillery. And in even more important respects than these, an erroneous impression was created by the suppression of what was thought too personal for publication.

The surprising fact is brought to light in the British "Newspaper Press Directory for 1904" that there are no fewer than 2,595 magazines published now in the United Kingdom. This is an extraordinary exhibit and it leads the Academy to remark with reference to a large proportion of the periodicals included in the list:

They are filled with scrappy and too often ill-informed articles and flashy, sensational stories; their illustrations —drawn from photographs—are of the crudest description; neither to the mind nor to the eye can they be considered profitable. Their circulation and presumably their influence are immense; can their existence be for a moment counted as a boon? Indeed, this whole question of the reading of cheap magazines in preference too often to the reading of books is one surrounded with difficulties. Is it more profitable not to read at all than to read trash? Surely so. A vast portion of the reading public to-day is in too great a hurry as regards reading; too hurried and too little ready to expend any thought upon what is read. No long or well-considered article appeals to them—all they crave is for stimulant, and stimulant to-day calls for stronger stimulant to-morrow.

One of Lord Acton's recently published letters to Mary Gladstone suggests an almost extravagant admiration for George Eliot. On hearing the news of her death he wrote to Miss Gladstone in these words:

But when I speak of Shakspere the news of last Wednesday comes back to me, and it seems as if the sun had gone out. You cannot think how much I owed her. Of eighteen or twenty writers by whom I am conscious that my mind has been formed, she was one. Of course, I mean ways, not conclusions. In problems of life and thought, which baffled Shakspere disgracefully, her touch was unfailing. No writer ever lived who had anything like her power of manifold but disinterested and impartially observant sympathy. If Sophocles or Cervantes had lived in the light of our culture; if Dante had prospered like Manzoni, George Eliot might have had a rival.

FIORENTINA.

O surely surely life is fair,
And surely surely hearts are true;
Be witness, balm of April air,
And boundless depth of midnight blue.

The trouble of an hour ago,
That seemed to gather round our way,
Is vanished as the last-year snow
That hid the hills of Fesole.

And softly still the moonlight falls,
O love, and makes for thee and me
An Eden 'mid the bay-leaf walls.
The fragrant bowers of Boboli.

How gently o'er our spirits move
The golden hours we feared would die!
The very flame that threatened Love
Has lent us light to see him by.

Ernest Myers.

PAT MAGEE'S WIFE.

Livin' wid Pat Magee,
In a cabin fornent the bay,
Sea in front an' the bog behind,
Sthretchin' for miles away.
An' often he comes an' says—
"Honey," he says, says he,—
"Do ye ever repent the day that ye went
An' married wid Pat Magee?"

There's a bit av a childie now,
Playin' about the floor,
Runnin' about wid a laugh an' a shout
In an' out av the door:
Mick wid his father's eyes,—
Bits av the sky for blue,
An aich hair av his head like a goulden thread
An' the voice av his father too.
An' often he comes an' says—
"Honey," he says, says he,—
"Do ye ever repent the day that ye went
An' married wid Pat Magee?"

Times when the evenin' falls,
An' the work av the day is done,
An' the boy's in bed an' the supper spread,
I sit in the settin' sun,
An' think av me girlhood's days,
An' the love that came me way,
An' the price, the price that a woman pays—
An' is well content to pay.
An' I laugh when he comes an' says,—
"Honey," he says, says he,—
"Do ye ever repent the day that ye went
An' married wid Pat Magee?"

Never be tellin' a man—
All that he'd like to know,
Give him the half of the whole that he wants,
An' he'll love ye the better so:
But times I misdoubt he knows,
Nearly as well as me,
That I'll never repent the day that I went
An' married wid Pat Magee.

Lena Barrington.

The Cornhill Magazine.

GRAY WEATHER.

The great gold sun pours liberal rays,
(But it's oh! for gray weather!)
And sea and sky seem all ablaze,
Aglow together:
Outward-bound for an Eastern strand
The swift ship cleaves the waterways,
And far behind us lies the land
Of gray weather.

Sunbeams stream thro' the sapphire dome,
(And it's oh! for gray weather!)
A thousand jewels amid the foam
Glitter together:
But I must close my weary eyes
And only long for dreams of home,
For cool green seas and sheltering skies
And gray weather.

There's many a golden noon will blaze
(But it's oh! for gray weather!)
O'er many a spangled tide, with rays
Aglow together,
Ere I may hope to seek again
My home across the waterways,—
Dear shady land of cloud and rain
And gray weather!

C. Jelf-Sharp.

Pall Mall Magazine.